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The Budget of Buridan's Ass

THE clue to Mr. Thorneycroft's Budget lies in the size of his tax concessions. By itself, a sum of £100m. will not seriously add to the pressure of inflation—and the other £450m. of the estimated surplus can be saved up for use, if all goes well, nearer to the general election. The money available for reliefs has then been divided among interest groups in the Tory party who have been badgering the Chancellor to make life easier for them. There is the surtax cut for the upper middle class; a little more money for those with children to educate; a reduction in purchase-tax, which will offset the effect of the credit squeeze on household furnishers; some income-tax relief for retired army officers and public servants; and a pleasant fillip for the entertainment promoters. These Easter presents have been wrapped in neat packages and distributed, with Mr. Thorneycroft's compliments, as tokens of "opportunity, incentive and expansion." If the poor and the pensioners have received nothing, while the Chancellor "hoists the Tory flag" up to the £10,000-a-year mark, they should remember that they cannot expand anything except their own living standards.

Politically, therefore, all this was moderately cheerful news for the benches behind Mr. Thorneycroft. But, outside the House, there was a rumble of disappointment from industry. The Federation of British Industries complained that there was no reduction in the profits tax, and that the investment allowance had been raised only in the special case of shipbuilding. The National Association of Manufacturers took the same line, while the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders was upset because the purchase-tax on cars remained unchanged—thereby restricting the home market on which it insists its export capacity depends. Industry, in short, is much less confident than the Chancellor that production is going to expand without much more than the verbal incentives with which he cheerfully larded his Budget.

This temporising Budget underlines the decision of the Chancellor to evade the real problem which faces the Macmillan government. In the last year production has stagnated. Far from being "overstretched," our economy has been contracting, especially by contrast with its competitors. For all the happy phrases that Mr. Thorneycroft has borrowed from the leader-writers of the Beaverbrook press, expansion will not be achieved by giving bribes to the managerial surtax payers. It can only be brought about by increased investment. But higher investment would at once make itself felt in a rise in imports—and thus put a further strain on the balance of payments, a strain, moreover, which the credit squeeze was designed to ease.

That is why the government has once again chosen to mark time. After six years of office, it is still unable to make a real "dash for freedom" and try to resolve its dilemma by the methods that West Germany has used. The trade unions are too strong—and the success of the shipbuilding and engineering strikes drove that point home on the eve of the Budget—for it to give business a free hand without setting off another round of inflation. On the other hand, its own faith in monetary controls (though the appointment of the Radcliffe committee suggests that the blind belief in Bank rate is weakening) precludes it from using the physical controls which a Labour government would employ, to stimulate investment and production without provoking "inflationary" wage claims.

It is all very well for Mr. Thorneycroft to keep insisting that the economy is "fundamentally healthy." No doubt Buridan's Ass was "fundamentally healthy" when it was first placed halfway between two bundles of hay. But the poor ass starved to death because it was unable to make up its mind which way to move. It certainly could buy time by indecision, though each delay made its choice more urgent and more difficult. Our economy is now in the same position.

Comments on the Week's News

Merdeka for Singapore

Singapore is to get self-government. The problem of Britain's underwriting of internal security—so great a stumbling-block only a year ago—has been solved. Whitehall has made concessions. British troops will be available to restore law and order if called on by a security council on which Britain will be in a minority. Singapore is to have her own Head of State and the ministerial control of all fields except foreign policy and defence. The British presence will presumably be limited to a high commissioner, troops manning a reduced base, and experts advising local ministers. But, light as the remaining yoke will be, all will not be plain sailing in Singapore. Neighbouring Malaya is to have full independence in August. She too is to grant Britain bases; but, with control of her own foreign affairs, Malaya will be able to decide the use that is made of them. Singapore, in contrast, is liable to be used at Britain's discretion—under Seato, for instance, or as an atomic base. Can such a possible role within Seato (which is organised against China) fail to antagonise the most active elements in the island's Chinese majority, which are pro-Peking? At the least, Indian ideas of neutralism are pretty sure to gain ground rapidly in Singapore. Yet such ideas can hardly be realised unless and until the island can join the Malayan Federation in full independence.

Colonial Defence

The defence White Paper raises a number of paradoxical issues in the colonial territories. While the proposal to reduce colonial garrisons will be generally welcomed, the important part played by these defence posts in the economy of certain territories must not be overlooked. Already the reduction in the importance of the Maltese naval base has had its political repercussions; white workers in Singapore have also voiced fears of the future. There will now be fear of unemployment in other colonial bases and widespread doubt about the government's will to provide alternative employment and diversify economies. Concern of another kind has meanwhile been raised in East Africa by the announcement that, on July 1, the armed forces will pass from the War Department to the governors of Kenya, Uganda and Tanganyika. The British government maintains that this is simply a reversion to pre-war practice; but political power in East Africa is in different hands today from what it was in 1939. Africans in these territories, particularly in Kenya, now fear that the political authority of the white settlers may be used to influence the governor's direction of the armed forces. This fear is accentuated by the proposal that some administrative work for the military forces will be carried out by the East African High Commission. This has again raised concern in Uganda and Tanganyika that the dominance of white-controlled Kenya may spread throughout East Africa, and that the military forces may be used against the interests of the African population.

Aramco and the Doctrine

After arranging for increased dollar counterpart funds for Iraq, Mr. Richards, travelling salesman for the Eisenhower "doctrine," is now in Saudi Arabia, where his arrival coincided with the American-Saudi agreement to extend the lease of the Dharan air-base. America's new Middle Eastern policy, in short, is making satisfactory progress. But in Washington, the Mahoney monopoly committee has been conducting investigations into one aspect of its financial background: the tax position of Aramco. It is no secret that pressure from Aramco—the giant company, mainly controlled by Standard of New Jersey, which exploits Arabia's oil resources—has helped to shape America's increasingly active role in Middle Eastern affairs. What the investigation has disclosed is that the company now pays no federal income tax whatsoever on its fabulous revenues, which in the last full year touched $280 million. And research by Mr. I. F. Stone has revealed how Aramco came to enjoy this privileged position. Under American law, foreign income tax paid by U.S. companies operating abroad is not merely a deductible item but an offsetting credit against its federal income tax bill. Until 1952, Aramco's agreement with the Saudi government allowed the company to deduct U.S. taxes before assessing its income. When the Saudi government pressed for a bigger slice of the profits—on the lines of the 50-50 split *before* tax enjoyed by Venezuela—an arrangement was made whereby the increase was paid in the form of income tax to the Saudi government, the additional sums thus being offset against U.S. taxes. In short, King Saud is being largely financed at the expense of the U.S. taxpayer. Mr. Stone has also established that an U.S. tax official played a decisive role in planning the new arrangement. The influence of the oil lobby, particularly when Herbert Hoover Jr. was at the State Department, has long been a matter of common knowledge; but here is an instance of its detailed operation.

China Trade

The government is now becoming impatient with America's unwillingness to lift the embargo on trade with China imposed during the Korean war. "We are prepared to wait," Mr. Selwyn Lloyd said last week, "but only a little longer, to see whether by further effort we can proceed by agreement with the United States and our other friends and allies." Britain's next move will probably be taken in Paris when the Consultative Group holds its next meeting to discuss the supervision of embargo regulations. They will find other European nations belonging to this group equally anxious to have a share in the vast orders which China's industrialisation programme demands. British manufacturers belonging to the Sino-British Trade Committee have sharply criticised the present policy of delaying licences until an "exceptions procedure" establishes that goods are required for civilian purposes. The result of the embargo has already led to the loss of large orders; Sir David Eccles admitted in parliament last month to one of £741,000 for diesel engines and another, recently, of £300,000 for ball-bearings.

Welensky's Visit

Sir Roy Welensky, Prime Minister of the Central African Federation, has arrived in London this week in order to press the British government to grant his state an enhanced constitutional status. In brief, his object is to persuade H.M.G. to hand over more of its powers to the federal government. This proposal has secured widespread white support since Ghana attained independence. The Africans of Central Africa, however, are firmly opposed to this move, believing it to be a repetition of the policy which gave the South African whites political power over their Non-Europeans. The Africans, therefore, demanding that democracy must be established before self-government, have welcomed the division in white opinion which occurred on the eve of Sir Roy's departure. He had hoped to present an agreed plan for the new federal franchise, based on separate electoral rolls for Europeans and Africans. Mr. Garfield Todd, Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia, preferred the plan prepared by the Tredgold Commission for the Southern Rhodesian electorate. This consists of two common rolls, one with high and the other with low qualifications, which in practice would amount to separate white and black electorates, weighted heavily in favour of the whites. Such a division of opinion may weaken Sir Roy's powers of persuasion, and in any case, he will find here a deeply rooted suspicion of any move to give greater political control to white settlers.

Trouble in the North

There is little doubt that, in some areas, Communists tried to push the engineering strike further than the limits set by the central strike committee and that, on the local level, they are still trying to make capital out of the "betrayal" of the strikers by "labour leaders" who sent the men back to work. At Irlam, they seem to have shut down a steel works by "interpreting" the strike-call as applying to the maintenance men; and at Firth, Brown's in Sheffield they ensured that the return to work was followed by another strike when men returning after the official strike were asked to take over jobs started by non-strikers. The Firth, Brown management, however, have dealt with this in an extraordinary manner. They have dismissed 16 workers said to be "Communists and other agitators" who led the second walk-out, but have said that they will re-employ them if the workers in the plant vote for reinstatement in a ballot. To put such decisions to a mass vote is a new and potentially dangerous tactic, and the fact that it is now directed against Communists does not affect the principle. It could be used against any shop-steward or trade union official, and it would be an ingenious method of avoiding trouble about victimisation. If workers are getting unwise or irregular leadership, it is for them to deal with it by ignoring those who lead them or by changing their leaders. The Sheffield district committee of the A.E.U., which is under fairly strong Communist influence, has responded by calling out the Firth, Brown workers. It is possible that the management may have played into the hands of the Communists, rather than weakened them by this foolish proposal.

Five per Cent.

While the court of inquiry was dealing with the shipbuilding and engineering dispute, the Transport Commission showed common sense in preventing the trouble on the railways from blowing up again. The locomotive men, it will be remembered, had settled for a 3 per cent. advance, without conditions attached to it, before the N.U.R., which had rejected 3 per cent., was offered 5 per cent. by the Commission in return for a promise of co-operation in removing hindrances to productivity. ASLEF, which refused to consider any offer with strings, was thus left in dispute with the Commission; but it was clearly impractical either to refuse the full 5 per cent. to the

10,000 or so locomotive men belonging to the N.U.R. or to concede it to them and withhold it from the larger number who belong to ASLEF. The Commission sensibly cut the knot by granting 5 per cent. to them all, irrespective of union membership, without insisting on the endorsement of the productivity condition by the sectional unions. Meanwhile Professor Jack was listening to the shipyard employers' charges against the unions of sudden strikes, obstacles to the use of new machinery, and continual demarcation troubles, and to Mr. Hill's counter-attack on the employers for causing the troubles by bad handling of the human problem. The employers' main purpose seemed to be to get an assurance that no further wage demand would be made for at least a year, whatever might happen in the meantime; whereas the unions were unwilling to give up the right to make a further claim, and, while prepared to discuss the removal of restrictive practices, insisted that this was a matter for discussion with each union separately.

Success for the Theatre Lobby

Mr. Thorneycroft's concessions to the entertainment industry signifies the success of one of the best-organised of recent pressure campaigns. Few tricks of ingenious and selective propaganda have been neglected—from large-scale poster advertising to Miss Dorothy Tutin's persuasive appearance in the Palace of Westminster. In the event we feel little enthusiasm for the resulting changes in the entertainment tax. It would be churlish to grumble too much about the exemption from all tax of the live theatre. Yet it is worth pointing out that the only people who will certainly gain from this are the landlords of the theatres—the "bricks-and-mortar men"—to whom theatrical managements pay their often exorbitant rent. It is unlikely that much of the concession will be passed on to the public at the box office, and it remains to be seen whether the difficulties confronting managements and producers will be significantly eased. Meanwhile the positive preference which was enjoyed under the old system by the "non-profit-making company" which ploughed back all its profits, is ended. In that sense at least, the budget concession is regressive. As for sport, the difficulty is drawing the line between genuine sport and the highly organised operations of the betting and commercial entertainment industries. Few people will grudge the remission of tax on amateur sport or even on League football. But that horse racing and prize fights should be singled out for tax relief which is denied to old age pensioners and others suffering real hardship is scandalous.

Equity for Actors

For years, Hollywood actors have worked a standard five-day week of 44 hours. For the past two years actors in films made for British television have worked a six-day week of 54 hours. But actors in British films proper, unless they are on a daily contract, have had no such safeguard. A producer could try to work them for a seven-day week of 24-hour days; and there have in fact been recent examples of actors who were driven to collapse after working from 8 a.m. until 10 p.m. three days running. The worst offenders are small companies who, to cut costs, under-schedule and try to cram three days' work into one. But even larger companies frequently insist on actors being on the set at 8 a.m. "just in case" although there is no serious likelihood that they will be wanted until the afternoon. Equity now intends to put a stop to this by insisting that in all future contracts, for stars and feature players, as well as for extras on daily contracts, a clause shall provide for a six-day week of 54 hours and for heavy overtime payment if that is exceeded.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Paris

Murder Will Out

Our Paris Correspondent writes: The Queen narrowly escaped arriving in Paris in the midst of a ministerial crisis. For 48 hours at the end of last week it looked as though either the "leftist" ministers in the cabinet, or MM Bourgès-Maunoury and Lacoste, would leave the government. The trouble arose unexpectedly during the cabinet meeting held last Wednesday evening. In the course of it, Bourgès-Maunoury announced that he would take disciplinary action against General Paris de Bollardière for the manner in which he resigned from his command in Algeria.

The minister presented this decision as a routine step, and he clearly expected unanimous approval from his colleagues. In fact, his proposals evoked a fierce protest from no fewer than six ministers, including Defferre, the Minister for the Colonies, and Mitterand, the Minister of Justice. All of them emphasised that they were not experts in military law, but they added that the *affaire Bollardière* raised important political issues, and could not be disposed of by a simple administrative act. They argued that the resignation of a general of Bollardière's reputation, on the grounds that he could no longer share responsibility for the methods employed by the army in Algeria, had already had a major impact on opinion. When newspapers like *L'Express*, *France-Observateur* and *Le Monde* published news of French atrocities, they might with some justice be accused of waging a political campaign to embarrass the government; but when a general like Bollardière, well-known for his right-wing views, and a vociferous champion of the French Army since 1939, declared publicly that he could no longer serve in a war being waged in a manner contrary to French traditions, he had to be accepted as a serious and objective witness.

In consequence, the six ministers requested the creation of a commission of inquiry with full powers to examine the substance of Bollardière's charges, and they added that a number of senior civil servants had already threatened to resign unless the matters were cleared up once and for all. M. Lacoste was not present at this cabinet, and at one point—in the early hours of Thursday morning—M. Mollet seemed about to yield, though he was not prepared to take a definite decision until Lacoste returned from Algeria. Lacoste arrived in Paris on Thursday and immediately informed Mollet that he would regard the creation of such a commission as a vote of no confidence in his administration of Algeria. M. Mollet accordingly called a meeting of the Socialist ministers in the Matignon on Thursday night. It was, by all accounts, a stormy one. M. Lacoste insisted that the commission would, in effect, be taking over from him the conduct of affairs in Algeria. M. Defferre countered by saying that unless the inquiry were held, the government would with justice be accused of trying to hide the truth, and would thus discredit not merely the party but France herself. Mollet eventually proposed a compromise: a Permanent Commission for the Protection of Rights and Liberties in Algeria. The commission will be attached to the Minister-Resident, but it will not wield sovereign powers and will be responsible to Lacoste. In addition, it will not merely inquire into the truth of allegations against the Army, but will examine the motives of persons or newspapers in making them, should they prove to be unsubstantiated. A proclamation was drawn up on these lines, and all the ministers went home, in the early hours of Friday morning, with their letters of resignation still in their pockets.

Will the commission be merely another white-washing machine? It all depends on its composition—not yet announced—and the extent to which the pressure of public opinion can be kept up. If genuinely independent men are chosen, and if the public insists on a thorough inquiry, the commission, despite its limited legal powers, could seriously curtail the freedom of action which Lacoste has given the paratroopers. The fact that Mollet has failed to bury the Bollardière affair is an encouraging sign for the future.

Washington

Congress and the Republicans

Our Washington Correspondent writes: As the Easter recess approaches, President Eisenhower finds his legislative programme in serious trouble. Very few of the things that the President has asked Congress to do have been done. Although it is still comparatively early in the session, it appears likely that he will need to exert his influence to the utmost to get passed into law even the most significant items in his programme. Formerly, the President took the position that it was unwise, if not actually a constitutional impropriety, for him to do much more than to suggest to Congress what he thought should be done in the legislative field. Increasingly in this session he has been employing a definite and occasionally sharp tone in appealing directly to Congress and the public for endorsement of his key proposals—notably, a record peace-time budget, a substantial foreign aid programme and a plan for federal aid to school construction. Somewhat ironically, the President's change in attitude towards legislative affairs coincides with a weakening of his position because, since the constitutional amendment limiting the Presidency to two terms, this must be his final tenure of office. Hitherto, the possibility that the President might be around to wield his power has served to keep potentially recalcitrant Congressmen in line. There is also irony in the fact that the air of detachment during the first four years was accompanied by a much more tractable attitude in Congress than is being now shown to a President with more definitely expressed desires. Although Mr. Eisenhower remains peculiarly beyond personal criticism, there is a perceptible inclination, particularly in the Senate, to re-assert many of the Congressional powers and much of the Congressional prestige that during the Roosevelt and Truman years had come to be more or less ceded to the President.

Broadly speaking, there are three great areas upon which the President is attempting to put his stamp of "modern Republicanism" before the 1958 elections. In one of these, the budget-fiscal policy area, he is for the first time not in control of his party in Congress and apparently not in absolute control—if Secretary Humphrey's pronouncements are to be taken at their face value—

even in his own Administration household. In the second, the area of foreign policy, the President is still in charge and still the dominant force. But his mastery has been maintained only with difficulty and it is now under the threat of a gathering Congressional challenge. The Senate kept him waiting for two months before approving his Middle East "doctrine," and even then wholly revised it. Now there is the prospect that his foreign aid programme, totalling some $4,000 million, will be slashed—in spite of his statements that substantial reductions would be at the risk of the security of the United States. In the third great area, that of social legislation, the President faces perhaps the dimmest outlook of all.

Westminster

The Bore of Budget Day

The grisly routine of Budget day is unchanging. One knows that about three o'clock, the door of Number 11 Downing Street will open, that the Chancellor will pose on the steps, holding his little box high in the air and showing a full set of teeth, while his wife stands demurely at his side. One knows that he will make a dramatic entrance into the House itself about 3.15, with his parliamentary private secretary importantly carrying the bag, or alternatively a glass of water; that he will reply to a series of questions with the stock answer "Honourable members will not expect me to anticipate my Budget statement", and that Honourable members will laugh hilariously at this sally.

One knows that the first hour of his speech will consist of a recitation, more or less dreary depending on the personality of the Chancellor, of facts and figures which are already well known; for it is a parliamentary convention that if something new is said on Budget day before four o'clock, quick-witted gentry on the Stock Exchange will take advantage, whereas after four o'clock these same gentry are no longer quick-witted.

One knows that the Chancellor will end up with a peroration which will be inaudible because members are by then passing each other the green resolution papers or walking out for a cup of tea; and one knows that for about ten minutes, while the Chancellor is announcing his actual proposals, the speech will be interesting. One knows that, bored for an hour and a half, interested for ten minutes, members will be physically uncomfortable throughout the afternoon. What one does not know is why members attend at all on Budget day.

Yet, year after year, members inflict it on themselves. Some, like Mr. Gerald Nabarro, even arrive about 6 a.m. to reserve a seat with a prayer card—though in doing this Nabarro's eye may be less on his seat than on the press photographers, who will get up at any hour to secure a photographic cliché. Having made sure of his seat, Nabarro returns home to spend the morning polishing his topper. Years ago everyone, except Keir Hardie, wore a top hat on Budget day; but now this convention is maintained only by Messrs. Nabarro, Thornton-Kemsley and Drayson. Nabarro wears his because it shows what can happen to a cloth cap in the Opportunity State. Drayson wears his because people notice him in it. Thornton-Kemsley wears his for the same reason that he wears a kilt in Scotland and a monocle in England, because he thinks it is "correct." These three, and some 600 of their colleagues, pack themselves on to the benches at half-past two, wriggle and squirm and sweat until half-past five and then go home where their nearest and dearest, in honest belief, say "Sit down, my dear. I know you've had a hard day." They are right. They have.

This Budget day was as hard as ever. Some Chancellors are humorous, like Sir Winston ("Best speech on worst Budget") Churchill. Some are robustly playful, like Mr. Hugh ("Song in my heart") Dalton. Some are uplifting like Sir Stafford ("Deep draughts of Christian faith") Cripps. But all, for long periods, are tedious. Mr. Peter Thorneycroft was no exception. He read his brief firmly and well, polishing his platitudes until they shone like gems. But the House is used to glass which looks like diamond. Sir Winston snoozed gently in his corner seat below the gangway and a bluebottle buzzed under the gallery until the Chancellor got to the point.

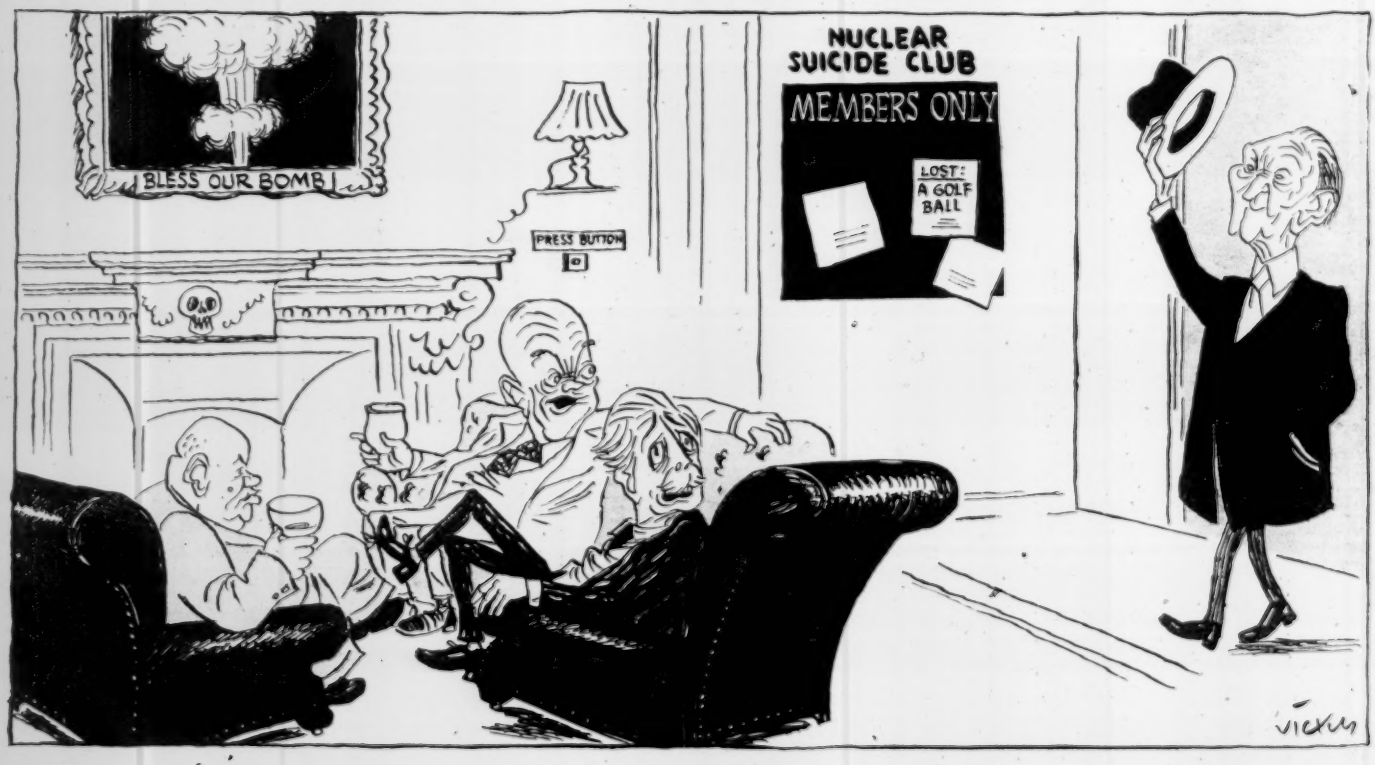
The entertainments tax—that went down well, especially the relief of the live theatre. Purchase tax concessions—they went well and left the opposition calling for more. Petrol tax—a little ribaldry here, but well received none the less. The exemption from profits tax of companies trading mainly overseas—"Long overdue," said the Tories. "H'm," said Labour. Increased investment allowance for shipbuilders. Okay, said both sides. Then they calculated.

The Chancellor had said that he would give away £100m. How much had he now got left? What about the surtax payers? asked the Tories. What about the old-age pensioners? asked Labour. There were some rapid calculations and pencils scratched busily on order papers.

But at the magic word "surtax" the rustling stopped. When the first surtax proposal was announced it did not look much. Tories had hoped that the limit would be raised from £2,000 to £3,000; and here was the Chancellor seeming to raise it only to £2,100. The opposition relaxed a little, but on the government side there was a quick rumble. Was that all he was going to do? It was not. Three minutes later, the government supporters were licking their lips, not, it is true, as though they had had a full meal but at least as though after long years of *ersatz* they had now tasted real cream.

Labour, thinking of the ordinary old-age pensioners who had not even received a glance from the Chancellor, rumbled out into the tea room. "Room at the top, overcrowding at the bottom." "It's not a budget for the nation. It is elementary first-aid for the Conservative Party." So the rumbles went as Labour members stalked off into the evening air, leaving behind only those colleagues who hate to pass up a half column in their local papers.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU



The Defence of Airstrip One

THE core of Mr. Duncan Sandys's White Paper on defence is to be found in three short paragraphs. Here they are in full:

12. It must be frankly recognised that there is at present no means of providing adequate protection for the people of this country against the consequences of an attack with nuclear weapons. Though, in the event of war, the fighter aircraft of the Royal Air Force would unquestionably be able to take a heavy toll of enemy bombers, a proportion would inevitably get through. Even if it were only a dozen, they could with megaton bombs inflict widespread devastation.

13. This makes it more than ever clear that the overriding consideration in all military planning must be to prevent war rather than to prepare for it.

14. While comprehensive disarmament remains among the foremost objectives of British foreign policy, it is unhappily true that, pending international agreement, the only existing safeguard against major aggression is the power to threaten retaliation with nuclear weapons.

The first two of these paragraphs state Britain's basic defence dilemma in the sharpest possible form; while the third proposes a solution which is both fallacious and dangerous. It is on this point—and not on the details of military planning—that the opposition ought to concentrate its scrutiny.

First, however, let us look a little behind the immediate problem. Mr. Sandys and his able propagandists have artfully suggested that the policy contained in the White Paper is based on a "fresh appreciation" and "a new approach." In fact, the fresh appreciation and the new approach are no more than the logical conclusions of the policy, accepted in the past by both parties, to enter Britain for the nuclear arms race. It is not new thinking, but the treadmill of necessity, which has led to the economies of this White Paper. Put shortly, Britain cannot afford to have both H-bombs and conventional armies. We have committed ourselves to H-bombs; therefore we are obliged, short of accepting bankruptcy, to economise on conventional arms.

The dangers of this situation are obvious. Indeed some of the most intelligent thinkers on defence have argued that, if Britain is to be a nuclear power, it is all the more necessary for her to maintain at a high level conventional weapons and the men to use them. Just because the great powers are, for the moment, deadlocked in their fear of nuclear war, there is very special temptation for either of them (or indeed for a smaller power—Israel, for instance, or even Egypt) deliberately to embark on military operations of sufficiently limited dimensions to minimise the risk that the great nuclear weapons will be brought into action. It is clear that, as Mr. Sandys's statement of policy is gradually realised, Britain will become progressively unable to engage in any sort of military operation lying between a purely local police action, as in Cyprus, and full-scale nuclear war.

Here then is the problem: committed to nuclear war, Britain must either go bankrupt or accept the consequences of being denied any lesser military activity. Mr. Sandys—if his remarks about running down man-power and ending the call-up are anything more than mere electoral window-dressing—plumps for the second alternative. He reaffirms the British intention not only to stand under the American nuclear umbrella, but to spend on an unprecedented scale our brains and treasure to secure what he describes as "an appreciable element of nuclear deterrent power" of our own.

When the decision was originally taken to construct the British H-bomb, it was certainly in ignorance of the full cost and consequences; and it was largely based on the supposition that only by possessing her own nuclear weapons could Britain achieve political independence of the U.S. That doctrine was always unsoundly based in logic; it is almost inconceivable that Britain could ever afford to initiate nuclear war or fire the first rocket. It is, for instance, nonsense to suggest that, had we possessed the H-bomb when Sir Anthony Eden invaded Egypt, we should have been any more ready than we were to step out from the shelter of the American umbrella. The fact is that, under the present foreign policy of the western alliance, we are inevitably and inextricably a satellite of the U.S.; and the construction of our own nuclear deterrent, by robbing us of some of the limited initiative and power of manœuvre which greater reliance on conventional arms would assure us, may actually lead to less independence than we should otherwise have.

To be fair to Mr. Sandys and his planners, they understand this perfectly well; and the argument is seldom now heard in responsible quarters that the possession of our own megaton weapons will secure us any real independence. It is claimed, however, that our own purely military needs might diverge from those of the U.S. at some crucial moment. The American Strategic Air Service, though partly based in Britain, is under direct control of the Pentagon. Thus its targets at any particular moment will be dictated, reasonably enough, by the strategic needs of the U.S. and not primarily by the obligation to protect Britain. That is why, argue Mr. Sandys's advisers, we too must have our nuclear weapons, not only as a deterrent, but so that we are ready to deal a swift blow, independently of the S.A.S., in an attempt to protect ourselves from bombardment. This argument, if slightly less unreal than the pursuit of chimerical "independence," is none the less unsatisfactory. In existing western strategy, the U.K. is the most advanced strategic bomber base in the European theatre: 30 years ahead of 1984, Britain has become what Orwell named it in his prophetic fantasy, Airstrip One; and Airstrip One is evidently a primary strategic target—perhaps the first of all—for nuclear bombardment in the event of general war. In those circumstances, it is most unlikely that a preventive attack on particular launching sites would be enough to save us.

Moreover, this argument for the British H-bomb totally ignores the political dangers which attend it. What chance have we of halting the arms race if we ourselves join in as competitors? How can we stop all manner of other smaller powers seeking and acquiring, by one means or another, their own supply of nuclear weapons? Already the first reaction to Mr. Sandys's plan is the announcement by Dr. Adenauer that his half of Germany is now to enter the nuclear race. The reality of the British position is, surely, that most of our danger would be removed if we ceased to be Airstrip One. Whereas under Mr. Sandys's plan, war, if it comes at all, must certainly come to Britain.

Now let us go back to the paragraphs already quoted from the White Paper: "there is no means of providing adequate protection"; there would be "widespread devastation"; "the overriding consideration must be to prevent war." Yet, despite all this, here we go, not only preparing for war, but making certain that it is attracted to these shores. And, as paragraph 19 of the White Paper makes clear (behind some soothing double-talk), there is to be no effective civil defence.

What then is the solution? So long as the world prepares for nuclear war, as it is now doing, the only chance for Britain is to lessen the danger that war will strike us here. That means not allowing the U.K. to be used as Airstrip One. One way—the most obvious—of achieving that would be to demand the withdrawal from Britain of the American strategic air bases. Theoretically that limited demand would not mean that we should automatically have to withdraw from Nato. None the less, it is highly doubtful in practice whether we could undertake this line without contracting out of the Atlantic alliance; and that drastic alternative must be the very last resort. Leaving aside the possibility of direct aggression by the Soviet Union—which would in any event attract American intervention—the dangers of defencelessness against Soviet blackmail and externally organised subversion are real ones: unless western Europe remains organised for common defence, neither the gradual loss of national independence, nor even the outbreak of Korean-type wars, can be ruled out. Yet western Europe has small chance of effective defence without American backing; and for Britain to back out of the system would cripple it. We may in the end be obliged to if the only alternative is to remain as Airstrip One, but we should still be taking an enormous risk—if the lesser one—with both our own security and that of western Europe as a whole.

We cannot, in a word, accept this evil choice while there is any alternative. And there still is an alternative. "It is unhappily true," says Mr. Sandys, "that, pending international agreement on disarmament, the only existing safeguard against major aggression is the power to threaten retaliation with nuclear weapons." This is a most dangerous half-truth. We have already observed how fallacious it is, as it applies locally to the U.K. But, as a general principle of global defence, it is equally unsound. It assumes that an enduring nuclear stalemate exists; that a stereotyped aggression can always be deterred by the threat of equally stereotyped retaliation. No assumption could be more perilous. There is no reason to suppose that the present parity of nuclear power is any more stable than other apparent military stalemates in the past. As soon as one side or the other can steal a march in defensive measures against the ballistic missile, the stalemate is off and the war is on.

What the present deadlock does—and all it does—is to buy us a little time in which to find a political end to the arms race. This is the lesson which Labour spokesmen must hammer home. The White Paper, so far from reassuring us about Britain's defence plans, is self-condemnatory. There is no adequate plan. Britain is committed to nuclear war and yet defenceless against its hazards. That is the essential truth. While the present foreign policies of the western powers continue, we are confronted with Hobson's choice. As Airstrip One,

*NEXT WEEK**

Hungary is the Test

by G. D. H. COLE

Vincent, Their Vincent

An analysis of Hollywood's treatment of Van Gogh

by JOHN BERGER

**On sale one day early owing to Easter*

we opt for suicide: if we decline that role, we are, in effect, contracting out of the Atlantic alliance—with consequences which are at present incalculable, but which could well turn out to be tragic.

The only hope for us is nuclear disarmament. (It may seem a faint hope—but that is the particular curse of 50 million people living in overcrowded cities within easy range of both Russian and American bombardment.) Nobody in fact knows how much can be achieved in this field. All we do know is that, despite ministerial evasions and pious platitudes, the western powers have not made any serious attempt to reach agreement with the Russians on banning nuclear weapons. On the contrary, complacent in their mistaken belief that they possess some ultimate and permanent deterrent to Soviet aggression, they have resisted the various approaches which the Russians have recently made on this subject. It must be the duty of British Socialists to tear down this veil of illusion. We do not yet know whether the Russians are serious in seeking to outlaw nuclear warfare, and we cannot tell until we take their proposals seriously. We do know that all over the world men are becoming increasingly conscious of the appalling and unpredictable hazards which lie beyond the H-bomb. And we are blind if we cannot see that the ending of the nuclear arms race is the only defence policy which now makes any sense for Britain.

London Diary

I was glad that, in his summing up in the Adams trial, Mr. Justice Devlin, with the approval of the Lord Chief Justice, suggested that magistrates might well make more use of their power to close the court during preliminary inquiries in murder cases. Some of us have been hammering away at this point ever since the days of the Wallace and Rouse murders, where it was clear that the jury could not take an objective view because press publicity had already effectively branded the accused. Lord Birkenhead once remarked that it was often impossible to persuade the jury to separate their horror at a brutal murder from the question whether the particular man in front of them had committed it. (You remember the chaplain in Shaw's *St. Joan* who admitted that she might be acquitted of stealing any other horse but not a *Bishop's* horse?) A second point about the Adams case. I hope it does not make doctors too careful about giving drugs to persons suffering from painful and incurable diseases. If I am dying of cancer, I shall rely absolutely on my doctor not to worry too much whether he is hastening my end. Mr. Justice Devlin's summing up on this delicate point was masterly. He showed how difficult it is to draw the line, and how irrelevant it may be that the patient leaves a doctor something in her will. To thousands of old and lonely people, often with no other visitors than the doctor, there may be real happiness, not to mention a vestigial sense of authority, in being able to offer a posthumous reward.

* * *

Two odd things about the Adams case which a detective story writer would not have dared invent. I'm told that the nurses' notebooks which proved to be vital evidence for the defence were actually in a drawer of a desk which the police searched. Would the trial have taken place if the police had not overlooked them? The second point is that defending counsel had not, as people assume, cleverly planted a spy in the train to listen to the nurses talking between London and Eastbourne. I'm told that they were overheard by a public-spirited member of the public who was shocked by their conversation and duly reported it.

* * *

Has Sir Ian Jacob met the encroaching challenge of television in the right way? The Light Programme is to be *all* light and lighter than ever; the Third Programme is to be cut, but to maintain the elasticity of timing which is one of its most valuable assets; and a new fourth programme (or "Network Three") is to use some of the Third's time for specialised broadcasts. About a million pounds is to be saved. I should myself have thought that the wiser policy would have been frankly to recognise the danger of Admass listening (what a useful phrase that is of Jack Priestley's), and to put the extra money into the improvement of television. Visual education and visual entertainment have come to stay. Like most other things, they can be good or bad. Would not the programmes that are now designed for the new sound network be peculiarly suitable for television? I should like to see the BBC institute a proper TV experimental workshop. Sound broadcasting should be encouraged further to develop its own special type of feature programme and, at the same time, people with ideas and experience of TV should be given the chance to work out ways of making it a stimulant and not a soporific.

* * *

This fear of Admass explains Dr. Bronowski's reaction to the appointment of Mr. Bernard Braden as chairman of the BBC TV Brains Trust. He felt that the programme must degenerate into entertainment if a professional entertainer became its chairman. The BBC, he suggested, was trying to collect the wrong kind of audience, which would not wish to listen to people like himself. A natural, but I think a mistaken, reaction. There is a lot to be said for a lay chairman, and everything I hear about Mr. Braden and his chairmanship last Sunday (with a team that after all contained Bertrand Russell) makes me feel that Dr. Bronowski's protest was ill-judged. I see no reason to assume that this programme will go down-hill because its chairman is not an "intellectual." As I see it, we are moving into a world in which scientists, artists, poets and men of letters are too much cut off from the mass audience. It is their duty to maintain their standards and yet learn how to "communicate." The alternative is to allow the influence, which should be exercised by specially qualified people, to fall into the hands of "communicators" who are members of a new profession. This new profession is made up of people who are well paid because they have the knack of putting over anything, whether true or false, and whether they believe it or not.

* * *

The issues raised by Mr. George Strauss, M.P., who is in dispute with the London Electricity Board, are of great importance, and it is a pity that they have to be dealt with under the heading of "parliamentary privilege." Partly because M.P.s have raised some foolish cases of privilege, the press has been able to induce the public to believe that it is a sort of M.P.'s perquisite. Actually it is an essential safeguard against public abuses. A private citizen runs fair risk of libel if he makes damaging charges against a company. If he writes to his M.P. he may hope for redress because the M.P. is absolutely privileged in putting a question to the minister about it in the House of Commons. He cannot be sued even if it proves that the allegations in his question are not justified. If Mr. Strauss had first asked a question, he would have been perfectly safe. But he wrote to the minister and also to the chairman of the Board, before asking a question—a procedure which, as he himself argued, was fairer to the Board, since allegations in a question are public whether justified or not.

* * *

Herbert Norman, the Canadian ambassador in Cairo, was not the first man to be driven to suicide by the smears of the witch-hunters. I never met him, but I know that he was regarded as one of the half-dozen best Japanese scholars, and that some of his books on Japanese history are classics. But, like Owen Lattimore, he wasn't simply an academic. Lattimore was pursued by McCarran and McCarthy because he had worked for the State Department, and in this way they tried to establish a link between Communist influence in the Institute of Pacific Relations and American policy in the Far East. Norman, who was a distinguished diplomat, had considerable impact on Canadian policy, and he too had been associated at one time with the I.P.R. In recent weeks, a new attack had been made on him in the U.S. and this seems to have been the last straw. Lattimore, being an American citizen, was able to fight back in the American courts and, after a long and exhausting struggle to clear himself. But Norman, who was a high Commonwealth diplomat, had no means of answering the men who are still conducting a vendetta against anyone who was associated with the I.P.R. I can understand how this drawn-out persecution can drive a talented and sensitive man to such a shocking end.

* * *

Cardinal Segura, despite his detestable opinions, was a remarkable man. I dare say many clerics would like to see a restoration of the privileges which the Catholic Church enjoyed in the Middle Ages, but Segura was unusual in trying to do something about it. In 1931, the new Spanish Republican government decided to expel him for subversive activities; he refused to leave voluntarily and had to be dragged across the frontier by force. Franco made him Archbishop of Seville, but he soon fell foul of the new regime. He objected to Franco's association with Hitler, whom he regarded as an atheistic anti-Christ, and said so. He detested the Falange and did not hesitate to excommunicate its members. He preached brilliant sermons against Franco, and refused point-blank to receive him when he visited Seville. But his favourite occupation was persecuting Protestants, a task to which he brought immense energy and ingenuity. In the years after the war he was the real ruler of the vast Seville province. The local military authorities were under his thumb, and whenever "voluntary" contributions towards the Cardinal's pet charitable projects fell off, he would threaten, from the pulpit, to call up all men between the ages of 18 and 45; the blackmail always worked. In the end, Segura went too far for Franco, who brought pressure on the Pope to have him removed. Pius XII had his own reasons for disliking Segura, since, in a fit of pique, the Cardinal had once revealed that he had voted against the election of Pius on the grounds that he was too progressive. Segura was forced to leave Seville, but he was still in a position to make trouble; his death has removed Franco's most formidable opponent.

* * *

English friends of mine have been outraged to see it reported in the Portuguese press that the British Ambassador—apparently alone amongst the ambassador corps in Lisbon—attended the funeral of Ferry Correia Gomes,

deputy-director of "Pide," the Portuguese political police. They ask indignantly whether it would have been considered correct for the British Ambassador to pay special honour to Himmler's deputy if he had died in Nazi Germany. I also see it reported that there has been another suicide amongst prisoners being questioned in Portugal and a lot more political arrests. Friends who have recently been touring in Portugal (they are not at all left politically) tell me that the article ("Fascism in the Name of Jesus") that appeared in this journal on March 22 has had considerable effect, and that something like an "official answer" is being prepared. I view this with a great deal of pleasure. Salazar's regime relies on silence: as long as people don't know what is happening the world omits to classify Portugal with other totalitarian countries. Correspondence that has been sent to this journal has been fairly equally divided. Most of the letters have just cancelled each other out; few of them have contained any facts. One of the most interesting was sent by a correspondent who disagreed on some points, but confirmed all that we said about the Oporto trials, and added that since he wanted to go back to the country we must not print his name and address. Another which arrived recently informed me that the origin of the illuminating story of the girl prostitute who was not allowed to see an adult film is a distortion of a newspaper invention about a girl who was refused admission because she was only 16, though she was a married woman. Maybe both stories are *ben trovato*, but what difference would that make to our point?

* * *

I really don't understand why we have to keep on messing about with the clocks. Daylight saving is obviously a good idea, but it doesn't stop being good as soon as the summer is over, and if we kept the clock an hour in advance of the sun all the year round we should soon accept it unthinkingly as the normal time and forget that we had ever watched the twilight gathering as early as half-past three on a winter's afternoon. And why on earth does it all have to be kept as secret as the Budget? Why can't the date of the change be noted on calendars and in diaries? There are always some who never find out anyway, but they probably use hour-glasses and candles.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

He pointed out that such issues as the reinstatement of the Chester Street bus stop, increase in the old age pension and the abolition of all nuclear tests, while not reaching a completely satisfactory conclusion, had been taken up and that the council were now awaiting action by the authorities concerned.—*Shrewsbury Chronicle.* (J. R. Riddell.)

British politicians have allowed themselves to be pushed around by Nasser for months and months, and now they are going to be pushed around by Makarios for months and months. The inhabitants of the near Orient do not understand the meaning of good will.—Letter in *Daily Mail.* (M. Carter.)

When an ex-Army brigadier kisses another man's wife on the back of the neck in a kitchen, what is she to think?—*Daily Mirror.* (E. Bendemann.)

Some of the girls in the powder room at the palais were discussing the best way to rebuff boys who annoyed them.

All agreed that "Drop dead!" wasn't quite ladylike.—Letter in *Sunday Pictorial.* (James Ewart.)

Vae Victis

"A vest and knee-length pantaloons that belonged to Queen Victoria will be seen at the World Trade Fair in New York this month. Both garments carry the royal cipher, surmounted by a crown, and bearing the date 1886."

Evening Standard.

When the British Warrior Queen
  Wore these quaint, Victorian togs
Windsor Castle was the scene
  Of Gladstonian monologues;
To frustrate such knavish tricks
  God was not, as yet, inclined,
For in Eighteen-Eighty-Six
  Salisbury had just resigned.

If these garments could rehearse
  What exactly Gladstone said
(Ireland, Turkey—even worse
  Issues, fortunately dead)
They could prove, beyond a doubt,
  That his labour was in vain—
For, before the year was out,
  Salisbury was back again.

Salisbury's portfolio,
  Gladstone's large, portentous Bag,
Each, by rota, ran the show—
  No one dreamed of Ike or Dag . . . .
Is Victoria's ghost amused
  That the victors have so soon
In a Roman Triumph used
  Our imperial pantaloon?

REGINALD REYNOLDS

Gomulka and the Intellectuals

WITHIN the last few weeks the news from Poland shows that a certain uneasiness, if not an actual crisis, is developing among the men who made the revolution of October 1956. Every western journalist who has recently visited Warsaw has brought back reports of the anxieties of his Polish colleagues. As soon as you arrive in the Polish capital, you heard such remarks as: "Gomulka doesn't like intellectuals"; "Gomulka's policy is leading to the Kadarisation of Poland"; and "Gomulka wants to silence Polish Communist intellectuals." Such opinions are always followed by long complaints about the censorship and denunciations of recent ministerial appointments, such as that of Mr. Novak, which seem to suggest that Gomulka prefers to make it up with the Stalinists rather than to base his power openly on the support of the intellectual *avant garde*.

Most western journalists are prepared to accept these complaints at their face value and they return from Warsaw depressed and pessimistic about the future of the new regime. On recent visits, however, I attempted to get at the other side of the story. Although I was unable to see Gomulka himself, I had lengthy talks with several of his ministers and with members of his personal staff. Their analysis of the present situation differs in a number of important respects from that put forward by my friends among the intellectuals. In this article, I am not attempting to come to any conclusions, or to express my views on a possible solution to the present crisis; I am merely presenting the points of view of the two opposing factions.

First of all let us look at the Communist intellectuals. During Stalin's lifetime most of them were orthodox Stalinists, even though they resented the rigid directives with which they had to conform. Nonconformist traditions have always been strong in Poland and the party intellectuals were never able to follow the Zdanovist line without an effort. Indeed they were forced to resort to a real life "double-think," the decisive element in which was their acceptance of "historical necessity" and Polish "reasons of state." Why, they ask, fight against the absurdities of Stalinism if, in any case, historical forces would inevitably impose it on the entire world? Why oppose the cult of Russia if, in any case, Poland could only continue to exist within the framework of a total alliance with its eastern neighbour?

But since the death of Stalin and the thaw which followed it, these Communist intellectuals gradually re-acquired their habit of talking freely and of denouncing the more startling errors of the regime under which they live. Their articles, at first timid, produced a resounding echo in a society which was waiting for precisely this breath of fresh air. Thanks to this success, the intellectuals were encouraged to sharpen their criticism. Indeed several months before Gomulka came to power, practically all the Polish press was in opposition to the government which, in theory at least, still controlled it, and which certainly continue to subsidise it. It should be added that the old Stalinist leadership of the party handled this increasingly dangerous situation very clumsily. At one point, in July 1956, they attempted to dismiss a number of editors; but, unnerved by the protests which followed, they revoked the decision the same day. From then on discipline within the party deteriorated. Everyone felt free to write what he wanted without fear of punishment.

The Communist intellectuals maintain with reason that their campaign played a decisive role in Gomulka's victory and that the October revolution was primarily their doing. But as soon as they had to change over from opposition to the old regime to support of the new one, things began to go wrong. Having seen that nonconformism brought them both political influence and nationwide popularity, none of them want to become, once more, semi-official spokesmen of the government, even though they are broadly in agreement with its policies. Moreover, conscious of their folly in having been duped by arguments based on "historical necessity" and "reasons of state," they are above all anxious not to fall into the same errors again. Hence the spate of articles, revisionist in tone, questioning the basic validity of Marxism and the achievements of the regimes of eastern Europe, have continued. There is even a growing tendency to publish articles by western writers who are not merely non-Communist, but often violently anti-Communist. *Nova Kultura*, the biggest literary weekly, has gone so far as to publish Koestler, and other weeklies have printed articles by Sartre, Camus and George Orwell.

But at precisely this point Gomulka has intervened. For him this campaign of anti-Stalinist revisionism is mistaken for two reasons. First, it endangers the relations between Poland and the other countries of the "Socialist camp." Secondly it is compromising his efforts to reconstitute a Communist Party of a new type. If I have properly understood the thinking of the Polish leader, he has only two major worries: to reorganise the economy, and to rebuild the Polish C.P. I will discuss the economic situation in a future article; here I am only concerned with his attitude towards the party and the intellectuals. For Gomulka the new regime can succeed only if Poland remains within the Socialist camp and if the Polish C.P. is strong and united. He knows that as long as he remains a Communist, heretical perhaps, but faithful to certain fundamental Soviet concepts, he will enjoy a wide freedom of action and considerable influence, not only in the other popular democracies but even in Russia herself. On the other hand he knows that any

attempt to evolve a neutralist policy or to make a complete ideological break will be disastrous.

He knows further that within Poland there exists a Communist Party, 1,500,000-strong, which since October has been completely disorganised. Half of its members are simple opportunists who took out party cards in order to keep their jobs or obtain privileges. There is also the permanent party apparatus which even now numbers some 50,000 people and which is markedly conservative, if not openly Stalinist. But in between this and the revisionist intellectuals stand the great mass of active party workers who are currently confused and leaderless. They supported Gomulka at the moment when he came to power because they were aware of his popularity within the country and of the unanimous desire of all Poles to democratise the regime. But at the same time they were unwilling to support any wholesale condemnation of the policy of socialising and industrialising Poland which has been followed since the war. For this reason the revisionist campaign in the intellectual press has not been understood by the vast majority of the active members of the party. The more these papers question the fundamental tenets of Marxism, the more they attack the achievements of the last ten years, the more they drive the average party worker on to the side of the Stalinist apparatus, which is accusing the revisionists of being purely and simply traitors. Gomulka, who wants neither wholesale revisionism nor a return to the old methods is thus fighting a desperate battle to keep the mass of the party workers in the centre.

So far as the party apparatus is concerned, he has carried out a limited purge. He has cut down the number of permanent staff employed, beginning with the Central Committee, and he has dismissed certain officials particularly compromised by the past. But he was unable to carry out a complete purge because he lacked alternative replacements and because, in any case, no specific charges could be levelled against most of the old officials. He was, moreover, anxious to give them a chance to rehabilitate themselves. As for the intellectuals, Gomulka began by using persuasion. He held a number of private meetings with the editors-in-chief of all the principal papers and asked them to observe a voluntary censorship in the name of "reasons of state." The editors listened, but did not obey. They were no longer prepared to be fobbed off by "reasons of state" or any other Stalinist device. They wanted Gomulka to take them completely into his confidence. But this is precisely the one thing he cannot do without being accused of playing a double game towards the other countries of the Socialist camp; for everything which is said before a meeting of a hundred editors is known by all the foreign embassies in Warsaw the next day, and subsequently published in the western press.

A friend who has been closely involved in this controversy—in which Gomulka repeats "reasons of state," while the intellectuals speak of the "voice of conscience"—argued that Gomulka had to choose between purging the revisionist intellectuals or trying to persuade them to see reason. He could perfectly well have called the principal editors into his office and told them, "You will publish what I tell you or hand in your party cards." By so doing he could have brought revisionism to an early end. But this, my friend said, was not Gomulka's method. Instead he took under his personal direction the party's daily organ, *Tribuna Ludu*, and he created a new weekly, also under his personal direction, called *Politika*. Meanwhile he allows the other papers freedom of expression, censoring only those articles which threaten to cause trouble with Russia or the satellites. Today, in short, most of the other papers are no longer publicly associated with him, and he cannot be held responsible for their views. By this judicious compromise he hopes both to leave the intellectuals relatively satisfied and at the same time to keep the mass of the party members happy.

Nevertheless the intellectuals are still critical. The reimposition of censorship, though limited in scope, is irksome, and the creation of an official Gomulkist press is regarded as an insult by those who fought to bring him into power. It is easy to sympathise with their complaints. But it would be incorrect to say that Gomulka is trying to silence them completely. Apart from the censorship exercised on the press, they are still free to say whatever they like both in private conversation and—much more important—in book form. Censorship of publishing houses is today practically non-existent; and, in the universities, governmental control has been removed entirely. Research students can work without any restrictions and the chairs of Marxist-Leninism have been suppressed. This is the result of deliberate policy: Gomulka believes that intellectuals should be accorded complete freedom of expression among themselves. What they write goes uncensored so long as it is read only by fellow intellectuals. But as soon as they write political articles aimed at a mass public then, he believes, they come into the field in which the exercise of party discipline becomes justified and necessary.

In other words Gomulka has succeeded in achieving a precarious balance, and no one would suggest that he can maintain it definitely. But I do not believe that he wants to reimpose any further degree of control on intellectual activity, nor that he has forgotten the danger which intellectual discontent would represent for his regime. It is essential to realise, moreover, that the battle of ideas, important though it is, is not Poland's principal problem, and that Gomulka's future liberty of action, both on the home and the foreign fronts, depends primarily on the extent to which he can overcome his country's economic difficulties.

K. S. Karol

Fleet Street Notebook

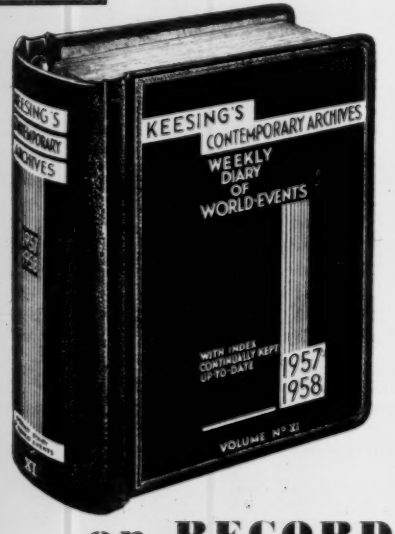
With the Queen in Paris, Dr. Adams found innocent at the Old Bailey, and Mr. Thorneycroft innocent or guilty at the dispatch box according to political taste, Tuesday night was one of those times when editors, news editors and chief sub-editors wonder why the nightly task of getting quarts into pint pots ever seemed attractive to a sane man. Inevitably, of course, the Budget went in the front page race—but not, one suspects, without some longing looks in Dr. Adams's direction. The Queen's cruise down the Seine was, fortunately, primarily a picture story and, although it would have had big space on the front pages any other day, glittered with hardly less *élan* on the inside pages.

It is no doubt significant of something or other in the long history of the press that Dr. Adams's first stop after leaving the Old Bailey was the office of the *Daily Express*. He has sold his diaries and photographs to the *Express* for a sum reported to be in the neighbourhood of £16,000—the deal was negotiated while the trial was still on. This is a somewhat new line for the *Express*, which normally leaves such major examples of newspaper initiative in the realm of the law courts to the *News of the World* or other Sunday papers. It seemed, indeed, a little self-conscious in announcing its scoop on Wednesday morning, and assured its readers that its serial, supported by pictures which are "the fruit of Dr. Adams's lifelong enthusiasm for photography—he owns nearly £2,000 worth of camera equipment," would "contain no phoney emotion, no secondhand rhetoric. It is as plain as a piece of evidence."

And now to the Budget. Mr. Thorneycroft's efforts on behalf of surtax payers received, as was to be anticipated, a highly variegated reception from Fleet Street's organs of opinion—there is an interesting thesis to be written some time on the extent to which the same set of figures come out differently according to which leader writer looks at them. *The Times*, conscious no doubt that it is, as its advertisements say, the paper that the top people take, considered that the Chancellor had made "a promising start." He has, it said, "made the right decision that the time had come this year to reduce taxes and the changes he has made are of the right kind" and it praised him, with an enthusiasm absent from most of its recent comments on government policy, for establishing "the principle that the balance should be redressed in favour of those people in the middle-class who shoulder the country's greatest responsibilities."

So, too, did the *Telegraph*—with even less inhibitions. "To call the Budget a rich man's Budget," it declared, "will be only too easy." "It is in fact one of its principal virtues." The young gentlemen in the *Daily Express* office, with their copies of Lord Beaverbrook's *Success* in their pockets and the knowledge that "the old man" himself was back in town, could scarcely restrain their enthusiasm. "At last," proclaimed the *Express* leader, "a Budget which the com-

"LIVE" NEWS



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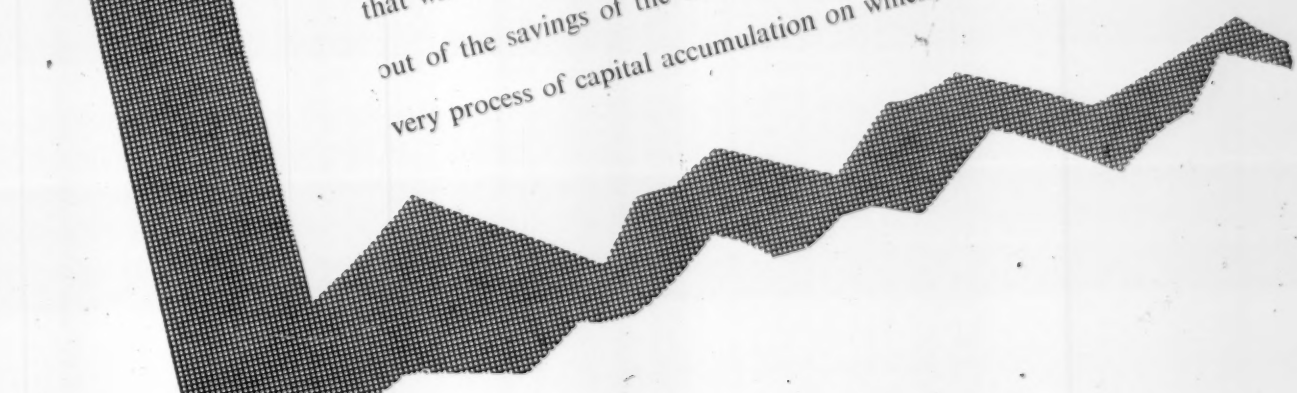
The following extract is from the Report of the Committee on the Economic and Financial Problems of the Provision for Old Age, 1954. Cmd. 9333. ("The Phillips Report"), Page 34.

Pensions and Capital Accumulation

128. It is evident that pensions are intimately linked with the whole process of capital accumulation and that the scale of pensions that can be contemplated depends, on the one hand on the enhancement of the country's productive power that would result from the building of additional capital assets, and on the other on the ease with which additional savings can be spared for this purpose. If the National Insurance Scheme were conducted on the same principles as a private scheme, then the investment of the contributions would enable valuable assets to be constructed that would eventually furnish the means out of which pensions could be paid. But the Scheme is heading for a deficit that will have to be met out of general taxation, and, to some degree, out of the savings of the taxpayer, so that it will actively impede the very process of capital accumulation on which, implicitly, it rests.



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in the interest of a better understanding of the fundamental problems of providing a higher level of retirement pensions without harm to the Nation's economy.

monsense of the public will approve. . . . This is a Budget keyed to opportunity and baited with incentive." It went on to praise the Chancellor for putting "the young executive in a happier position. He can defend himself and now he has a sharper incentive to do so." Unlike either *The Times* or the *Telegraph*, the *Express* did, however, find time for at least a thought for old-age pensioners without private means. "What a pity," it said, pausing momentarily in the midst of its jubilation, "that the Chancellor could not have done something for those deserving elderly citizens of Britain who do not receive enough to pay tax at all." The *Mail*, as is its habit these days, was somewhat more restrained and cautious. While welcoming the Budget and arguing that "the new allowances will be of material benefit to men of ability and initiative", it judged that the correct summing-up was "something for everybody, but not much for anybody." It concluded, in a rather minatory fashion: "There is much more we could say, and may yet say, about this interesting Budget."

Heading its leader "A Tory Budget," the *Manchester Guardian* considered that Mr. Thorneycroft had "taken an adroit middle line between the safety of the pound and the satisfaction of the party"—though it saw more danger of inflation in it than either *The Times* or the *Telegraph*. On the surtax relief it considered that if Mr. Thorneycroft had been content simply to aid the caste of managers, technicians and professional men and had stopped at £4,000, criticism might have been more vocal than determined, but that in extending relief up to £10,000 "the Chancellor has definitely hoisted the Tory flag." "Although the amounts are not large," it concluded, "the action is audacious. The Conservative Party will only live it down if it can show at the end of a year or two that incentives to surtax payers have more than paid for themselves in increased national prosperity." The *News Chronicle* was more critical. It found the Chancellor's attempts to live up to his declared creed of "opportunity and expansion" not inspiring and regretted that concessions to the middle income groups and skilled piece workers "have been forgotten or delayed." It added cogently, "These and not the £5,000 a year executives were the people who headed the emigration queues." One anticipates that Mr. Thorneycroft did not expect any cheers from the *Daily Herald*. If so he was not disappointed. Its description was "It Means More for Those With Most." It found that not only did the Budget "continue the policy of transferring money to the small better-off section of the community at the expense of the social services and the mass of the people," but "that for the vast majority of the disgruntled middle class the Budget is a complete let-down." The *Mirror* was less enterprising than usual. Or perhaps it was bothered by the need, proclaimed in large type, to have "Three Front Pages," one for the Budget, one for the Queen and one for Dr. Adams. It found nothing more exciting to say than "Cheer 'Em Up Budget"—with the comment, "We hope Macmillan won't tell us in the autumn we can't afford it after all." No such doubts assailed the *Sketch*, or at least did not seem to at first glance. "Pete's Pep Pills" it shouted in white on black on its front page, "Sporting Pete Gives a Bob to Everybody" on the back. Inside the paper, however, the flags waved less exuberantly. "If the Tories expect that it will raise their apathetic supporters in the constituencies to any fresh pitch of enthusiasm," it said, "they will be sadly disappointed." Those pep pills on the front page seem not to have reached the leader writer's room.

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MULLER

Modesty in China

MISS WONG, the woman interpreter, had greatly admired the clothes worn by the Bulgarian lady delegates who came to Peking last year. The clothes were "so colourful and so cultured," she said, "with all the beautiful hand embroidery of Bulgarian national symbols." This sort of clothes as worn by Bulgarians, by women's athletic teams from Albania, and by the plump, modesty-vested wives of the Russian technicians, have been the main foreign influence on Chinese clothes. This means that there are no stilt heels, no nylon stockings, and no tight black skirts in China, but instead, the streets of Peking and Shanghai are abrush with dirndl skirts, ankle socks, and solid, sensible walking shoes.

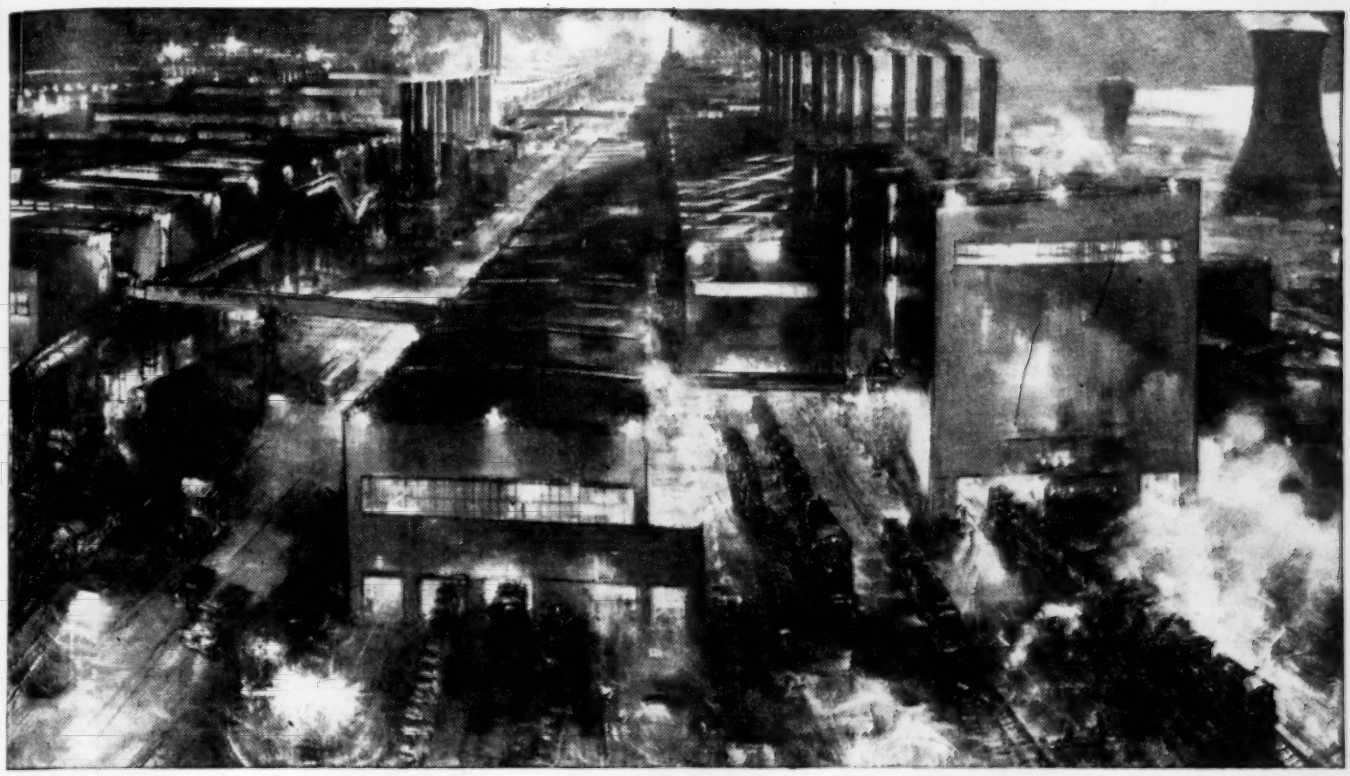
All the same, the official Chinese are very proud of these new women's clothes. Two years ago every townswoman, like every townsman, in China wore the blue cadre's uniform . . . a peaked cap, a baggy tunic hooked high at the collar, and bell-bottomed, baggy trousers. It was an ugly and sexless dress, but it was practical and comfortable. I had a blue padded overcoat and blue cotton padded shoes to wear for my winter in Peking. They were warm, like wearing hot water bottles. But the last American businessman in Shanghai (the Associated Press had asked me to interview him) was so frightened by my padded overcoat that he rang up his Shanghai acquantance to find out if I was a Communist agent.

As the American businessman knew, the blue cotton uniform was part of the revolution. It was first worn by most people as an imitation of the new Communist officials who left Yennan and Harbin for Peking and Shanghai in 1948 and 1949. (They, one of them pointed out to me, had taken it from Sun Yat-sen's uniform. It was then meant as a contrast to the embroidered and expensive silks of the Manchu officials.) If a Chinese between 1949 and 1954 didn't wear the blue tunic and trousers it was a sign that he or she wasn't really in sympathy with the revolution. He had too much money to throw about and he was using it to try and dress himself up better than the working class. It might well be an outward symptom of counter-revolutionary and petty bourgeois sympathies. A woman teacher, older than Miss Wong, whom I met on my first visit to China a year ago, told me she had several silk dresses left over from pre-Communist days just spoiling in her chests. She was wearing a rather better than usual well-cut pair of blue wool trousers, but, she said, she had never liked the feel of wool and she would much rather wear silk, but she didn't dare because of what her official Neighbourhood Association might say to her.

Three months ago, on my second visit to China, she was wearing her silk dresses and looking very nice in them. Her Neighbourhood Association now held her up as an example to the other women of the street. At the Association meetings the chairman read aloud newspaper articles and official speeches which said that now Chinese women could afford to buy new dresses thanks to the glorious and successful leadership of Chairman Mao and the Communist Party of China. What's more, Chinese women wanted to buy new dresses, according to the articles and officials, because they were not, as carping foreigners had said, drab and orthodox women but, on the contrary, very gay and cultured. The other women in the teacher's street, said the chairman of the Neighbourhood Association pointing the moral, had better hurry up and buy their own coloured skirts and blouses if they didn't want to seem drably orthodox.

This has been tough on girls like Miss Wong. As an official interpreter she earns six or seven pounds a month, and she likes to spend a lot of her money on ice-cream and week-end picnics. But now she has had to scrape up the two or three pounds that a cotton skirt and two blouses cost in Peking. And even more than that, poor Miss Wong has found that western clothes involve awful problems . . . keeping one's blouse inside one's skirt, what sort of shoes to wear; and how, she wondered, even in a Peking summer, does one keep warm in a skirt?

In line with the latest official doctrines, Miss Wong has also had a rather frizzy permanent wave on her previous pudding basin revolutionary cut. The hairdresser, she thinks, used too much ammonia. I think he was probably concentrating a bit too much on the 20-year-old American fashion magazines most Chinese hairdressers have propped in front of them, while they work patiently on the straight bobs or long pigtails of Chinese women. Also I think most Chinese women are frightened of brushing their brand-new permanents in case they come right out. Miss Wong has not yet got around to make-up. The Peking stores have some cheap, flakey Chinese-made lipsticks, but the better lipsticks and powders imported from Russia and East Germany are very expensive. Anyway can it, Miss Wong wondered, looking politely but doubtfully at my pink lipstick, be altogether healthy to put all that grease on your face?



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The new clothes, the permanent wave, a possible lipstick, are matters of duty with Miss Wong. She sees a lot of foreigners and she must prove to them that Chinese women are as rich and cultured as women in any other countries. Like the heroines in Victorian novels, she dresses up not because she wants to, but because it is suitable to her station in life, and, like the Victorians, she is horrified at any suggestion that clothes and sex may be connected. What is important for Miss Wong is that her clothes should be correct . . . officially correct, and correct according to Chinese ideas of propriety, which means that there is nothing improper about the thighs or the upper arms but a hint of the throat in street clothes is very risqué indeed. In Hong Kong, respectable Chinese women wear tight tunic dresses with side splits to show their stocking suspenders and the edges of specially split lace petticoats. The tunics are sleeveless, or cap-sleeved for the very conservative, but they are built up to a high, tight neck collar specially stiffened with plastic.

Miss Wong, when I told her what Hong Kong women wear, thought that the stiffened collar must be very uncomfortable to work in (she was quite right), and she also found the dress a little shocking. This was not because of the leg splits but because the Hong Kong tunic is cut almost as tight as a sweater over the breasts. Miss Wong does not entirely believe the old Chinese saying that a woman with big breasts is always immoral, but, she said, many ignorant people still do. Miss Wong, like most of her Chinese contemporaries, does not wear a brassiere and does not need one. Other girls bind themselves in the traditional manner to assure a suitable and moral flatness. This means also that, when Chinese women in China wear tunic dresses, they are loose tunics with the leg splits and the high neckline (but not so high or so stiff as Hong Kong), but not the tight breast line. It makes a baggy dress and most young women avoid it. Instead, like Miss Wong, they wear a full skirt with a straight shirt hanging outside it or tucked in. The very modest "V" on most of these shirts is either pinned up to a respectable neckline or filled in with a high T-shirt worn underneath.

The skirt is quite definitely only there for ornament. Working girls arrive at their factories or offices, take off their skirts, and hang them out of the dirt on the cloakroom pegs. They settle down to work in their very decent knickers, cut long and full like a man's underpants and tied up at the waist with string. Their legs excite nobody but occasional popeyed westerners. It was westerners, too, who pointed out to me that however bright the sun, Peking girls don't wear petticoats, and that girls in buses on hot days haul up their skirts and fan themselves energetically between their legs. I was myself struck by the same laws of decency applied to the young men of Peking. They never take off their shirts, but they cycle to work through the main streets in their striped underpants, sock suspenders for neatness, lisle socks and heavy shoes. Their trousers are strapped on to their bicycle carriers in case there is an unexpectedly formal moment at the office . . . like an Oxford undergraduate's gown.

LOIS MITCHISON

The London Magazine

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a questionnaire on

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Band Night

(By a National Serviceman)

LIKE most things in the army it has, of course, been going on for centuries. In fact, it was probably midwife to the term "horseplay"; for they used to bring horses into the mess and have tremendous fun leaping them over the sofas and the armchairs. Nowadays when young national servicemen have to be reminded of their obligations ("All officers must at least be able to ride a horse with confidence, whether or not they intend to hunt"), things are sadly more sober; and it is only chandeliers that swing, pelmets that crack, and human eyes that get blacked. All the same it is still rather puzzling; boys may be boys, but middle-aged majors ought to be adults.

The fact remains that twice a month they're not. It only needs the combined efforts of Elgar and Coates, Gordons and Denmans, Hawkes and Alkit for Peter Pan to come into his kingdom; huge and heavy captains have even been known, by a fairly late stage in the evening, to attempt to fly—without benefit of wires. And for those not prepared to risk that there is beer to be drunk standing on one's head, and the really timid (and congenitally retarded) can always find refuge in crawling about the floor and playing trains. All are sound regimental customs.

So, of course, is Band Night. Every other Thursday we assemble in the anteroom—subalterns by half-past seven, field officers by a quarter to eight; regulars resplendent in mess kit, temporary gentlemen self-conscious in blues. At first the evening belongs to the "outsiders," for conviviality, though it may be compulsory, cannot be spontaneous. And it is the small groups of the apprehensive, to whom premeditated *bonhomie* does not come easily, who dominate the scene. "Six hours," says someone nastily and conspiratorially, "to go"; and among the ranks of Alkit the groan, though inward, is universal and unanimous. But gradually, since tobacco and alcohol are great leaveners, things begin to change. The shop-window dummies from the public school department are the first to go over to the enemy. They begin to laugh in unison with the quaking mess jackets; they intone the magic incantation "Summerskill" and proceed with medieval relish to describe the desired manner of her death; and, as their fourth gin is brought in, they assert—for all the world as if they, too, had been at Kabul—that "the trouble with these mess waiters is that they're damn idle." By the time the Brigadier arrives it would come as no surprise if the gatling jammed and someone shouted "Play up, play up and play the game."

In fact, all that occurs is that the band begins to play, invariably a Sullivan overture. And with almost ecclesiastical precision of precedence the procession moves off into the dining room. Arrayed there is the battalion's silver—£25,000 worth of it, but most of it in style and shape sadly reminiscent of the Edgware Road on a Saturday afternoon. Still it lends its hallmark to the occasion and with its inscriptions ("Presented by Captain J. F. Fitzpiers on promotion after 20 years") invokes the right echo of the *ancien régime*. In its presence any nonsense about a democratic army—or even alarming reports of cuts in military expenditure—seem reassuringly far away. It is agreed that Templer is a sound man ("great believer in the regimental system"), that Hare doesn't seem to be a bad chap either, and that, with Montgomery safely tucked away at Fontainebleau, things could really be much worse.

All the undertones, as the mess waiters toil and trudge, as the band puffs and blows, are retrospective: of the pearls and the swine, of the crumbs and the dogs, of Tommy Tucker and his supper. It would almost seem appropriate if when the Bandmaster appeared for his glass of port he turned out to be Mr. Harry Davidson. For this is nostalgia's finest hour; and in the warm afterglow of dinner it does indeed seem as if governments may come and go but the British army goes on for ever. But, with one thoughtless remark, the dream vanishes and the rainbow of glory ends. Pointing a denunciatory finger at the ranks of flunkeys and lackeys the Commanding Officer demands to be told how, if those politicians succeed in getting rid of national service, all this will go on.

At once the world seems lost; for the fact is, of course, that it won't. One of the things that 12 years of post-war national service has done is to enable the professional army officer to keep himself in that state of life to which he has always been accustomed. Since 1945, the army has been enabled to live in the past by being offered every year a tribute of 120,000 men. Once that tribute is withdrawn, it is difficult to see how the roulette ball will be kept rolling, the swords clanking and the beagles yapping. Without batmen to sweep up the broken glass, agricultural defaulters to repair the crushed rose bushes, fatigue men to clean down the drink-sodden cars, it is doubtful if the fun and the games, the slap and the tickle would retain their traditional appeal. For the first time, in peace, the British army may soon have to face the problem of living in the present. Terrible things will no doubt happen—soldiers will chew gum and call their officers "Bud," men will clock in and out to regulated hours and the commissioned may find that their regimental duties include the making of their own beds and the brushing of their own boots. But at least the shade of the Bullingdon will no longer stalk the officers' mess, and the day may even come when the words "Band Night" will awaken nothing but ancestral echoes of scuffles long ago.

The Arts and Entertainment

Puzzle Corner

THERE are good reasons for giving the warmest of welcomes and the maximum possible support to Mr. Peter Hall and his International Playwright's Theatre which was launched this week at the Phoenix. Mr. Peter Hall combines a brilliant talent with the right kind of enthusiasm. He begins with the courageous hope that there is a wide audience for out-of-the-ordinary plays, and the history of the last five years in the theatre justifies that hope. Then, he believes that a group of actors must be kept together under one producer, as far as that is possible in modern conditions. In the end he would aim to run his plays in repertory.

This is an ambitious project which will, if it succeeds, greatly enrich our theatrical life. But, of course, it depends now on the adventurousness of audiences. They too must have the courage to trust Mr. Hall's judgment and risk their money by supporting his choices, and they have strong evidence for supposing that he is a good picker since he has already given them *Waiting for Godot* and *The Waltz of the Toreadors*. I may as well say at once that he puts their courage to a tough test with his first choice, *Camino Real* by Tennessee Williams. This is not one of Mr. Williams's violent realistic studies in Southern sex. It is a very odd, very rum sort of allegory whose meaning, let me confess from the start, completely and absolutely eluded me. I haven't even the vaguest notion of what it was meant to be about. The natural first reaction to being baffled is exasperation, and the natural second reaction is to dismiss as pretentious rubbish what one doesn't understand. One is vain enough to suppose that if it had a meaning, one could somehow get some hint of it. But let me instead set an example. The record of both the author and the producer indicates that they are neither of them likely to have spent themselves in the creative labour of producing pretentious rubbish.

It is true that Mr. Tennessee Williams when he writes *about* his plays instead of writing them does reveal a vein of rather whimsical soul-searching which raises one's hackles; and this play of his seems to belong to that side, the obverse side, of his remarkable talent. But then, on the other side, I hardly remember in the last ten years seeing a production which was so assured, masterly, and certain of itself. The play certainly offers great opportunities to actors and producer, and Mr. Hall seizes it and flings it dazzlingly on to the stage as if he, anyhow, knew exactly what it was about and where it was meant to be going.

The scene is a garish, seedy plaza in a town on the edge of a desert. Admirably evoked in Miss Audrey Cruddas's set, it is flanked by crumbling hotels, shops, brothels, with neon signs winking above them. It has a vivid patterned town life of its own which bursts into movement at various crises of the action, and the management of these crowd scenes—very much more compelling and truthful than crowd scenes have lately become on the stage—is among the rewards of the evening. The stage is still and empty when the curtain rises and the first arrival is the lank figure of Don Quixote, and it is, I take it, a dream of his that we are going to experience. Other romantics from fiction will mix with the town inhabitants, the whores, the street cleaners, the hotel proprietors, the shopkeepers—Casanova, the Lady of the Camellias, the Baron de Charlus, Lord Byron. The protagonist is a young American boxer, Kilroy, whose career is now over. The action—but I don't know that I can give any clear account of the action. Things happen certainly. A youth is killed and his remains are swept up by the indifferent garbage men. A plane arrives to take off any who can afford to escape; Marguerite

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Margaret Rutherford—Robert Eddison—Derek Blomfield—Perlita Neilson.
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Golden Jubilee Production:
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Moy Mall—Capriccio Espagnol—Giselle

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Gautier longs to get away but hasn't the money—or not the right money. There is a riot; there are shots. The young boxer is offered the Gypsy's virgin daughter, laid out all but naked for him, and he is only embarrassed. The boxer died and is dissected and is given back his golden heart. The fountain that has never played, suddenly spouts water. Byron departs, Casanova comforts Marguerite. A great deal, as I say, happens. But it didn't, for me, make any consecutive sense. Perhaps that was not, in any case, the intention. Go, not trying to understand in the ordinary way, and you may well be considerably rewarded.

I very much hope many people will take the risk and find it worth it, for this is a vast production which must have been very costly, and theatrically speaking at least, nothing has been wasted. Down to its last detail, the production displays an imaginative courage and a sensitive care that promises well for the future of the venture. Notice for example how admirably, indeed perfectly, it has been cast throughout. Mr. Harry Andrews brings just the right out-at-the-edges battered charm to the voluptuary in middle age. Miss Diana Wynyard stilled the house when she entered as the frail and lovely Marguerite. Mr. Denholm Elliot lurched punch drunk through the frustrating part of the boxer. Miss Freda Jackson extracted all the humour possible from the Gypsy. In a cast list which names some thirty-eight actors in the speaking parts, not one but fitted in.

This has been puzzle week in the theatre. For earlier, at the Royal Court, Mr. Samuel Beckett's successor to *Waiting for Godot* was given five performances by a brilliant French company in French. By comparison with *Camino Real* it seems to me a model of simplicity. One might have thought that in *Godot* the author had gone as far as possible in stripping life down to the bleak and the hope-drained. But in *Fin de Partie* he peels off yet another last layer, and the humour which in *Godot* did something to redeem the despair is harder to find. Presently we shall be seeing at the Royal Court Mr. Beckett's own English version and that perhaps will be the time to write about it at greater length.

The town of Stratford was drenched with the smell of wallflowers for the opening of the new season last week, and a matching freshness and lyricism was to be enjoyed in the theatre when Mr. Byam Shaw produced *As You Like It* with Dame Peggy Ashcroft as Rosalind. The performance confirmed my opinion that Mr. Byam Shaw is the best producer in England at the moment. He may not have at his command the flashes of outright brilliance which Mr. Peter Brook and Mr. Tyrone Guthrie can surprise us with. But then, on the other hand, he never comes out to stand between us and the play. He has the real artist's humility which knows how to treat its material not merely with respect but with loving care. The play under his hand came up new-minted, and Dame Peggy cast over it her peculiar silver charm. One may have seen Rosalinds who made the part verbally wittier; Dame Peggy makes it rather humorous with a haunting passion at the edges. She is helped by a very pleasingly romantic Orlando in Mr. Richard Johnson, who struck, too, exactly the right elder brother note with his Ganymede. Mr. Robert Harris was a weary as well as a melancholy Jacques, a performance of skill and charm. The two imps who page the exiled Duke are entrancingly used by the producer to point just the mood of freshness touched with sentiment that he establishes and holds from start to finish.

I have space only briefly to record a most interesting new play, *The Critic and the Heart*, at the Oxford Playhouse by Robert Bolt. The theme—not an easy one—is the world of art. In his handling of the critic (played by Mr. Robert Eddison) and of a young artist, cousin germane to Jimmy Porter, Mr. Bolt shows a very promising talent. Admirably produced by Mr. Jack Minister, and with another excellent performance in it from Miss Margaret Vines.

T. C. WORSLEY

APRIL 26

Easter Island

ALFRED METRAUX

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WILLIAM WOODS

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ANDRE DEUTSCH

Benvenuto Cellini

Benvenuto Cellini, the first of Berlioz's operas, is rarer than Halley's comet. It appeared in London once in 1953; thereafter, except for an amateur production in Glasgow between the wars, it has not been seen in these islands until the other day, when it was courageously mounted by the Carl Rosa Company. Next Monday, at Sadler's Wells, the opera will receive the second of two London performances; then, for all we know, it may vanish for another hundred years. So do not miss it; Berlioz is a great, if uncertain, composer, and into this rather confused drama he poured some of his most vivid and fiery music. The performance is hardly brilliant; but it is straightforward and clear. The problems of rehearsing and producing such a work while on tour are formidable: that they should have been surmounted at all is a marvel. Production is the weakest element in the revival; vocally, orchestrally and scenically (Hamish Wilson) the company has made a good shot at a notoriously difficult target.

Why is it so difficult? Partly because the leading roles were written for showy singers of the Meyerbeer epoch; partly because the intricate and brilliant Roman carnival scene of the second act demands much ingenuity and virtuosity in performance; but mainly because we scarcely know just how to take the various episodes and characters. Thus, during the first act Cellini's plans for eloping with Teresa are overheard by the sculptor's rival, Fieramosca, in a trio which goes on a prodigiously long time; the effect is quaint without being positively comical; that is to say, the joke does not seem quite intentional. In the next act there is more eavesdropping, as a result of which Fieramosca and his accomplice adopt exactly the same disguise as Cellini and his apprentice. With two pairs of sham monks in white and brown hoods, all now seems set for a typical Rossini ensemble of perplexity, when farce turns to tragedy: or at any rate to murder. Cellini-esque, no doubt, and one can see how effective, in terms of music and drama, the sudden change might have been. But Berlioz lacks the keen stage sense which can handle such a moment; he is dramatic and theatrical, sure enough, but these qualities are with him subjective, and neither Cellini, Teresa nor Fieramosca can be called a living character. He could make something of great literary figures like Goethe's Gretchen or Virgil's Dido; but the lesser fry of Cellini's escapades, as here presented in a muddled libretto, slip through his fingers; even the great sculptor seems hardly the arrogant, dashing and eminently Berliozian character we should expect. What saves the opera, for all its faults, is the glowing, flashing beauty of line and colour to be found scattered through every act. The second act is a masterly creation, such as only Berlioz could have achieved. It is not enough to say that the best of it is preserved in the *Carnaval romain* overture, because the sectional treatment of the crowd, and the way in which scraps of dancing melody are flung to and fro between orchestra, chorus and soloists give to this scene a vivid charm and theatrical power which make it comparable, in its different way, with the great crowd scenes of Wagner and Mussorgsky. Arthur Hammond conducted the opera with a real feeling for Berlioz style, the chorus was splendid, and Charles Craig took in his stride the testing high tenor music allotted to the licentious sculptor.

Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau's Schubert recital last Monday at the Festival Hall was a mightily impressive occasion. The leonine German baritone was in his most splendid voice; and an unorthodox programme, concentrated on the more solemn or dramatic sides of Schubert, and containing few popular favourites, was perfectly suited to his noble style; the scornful power and defiance of *Prometheus*; the wistful resignation of the Monk in *Der Kreuzzug*; the uncanny repose of *Meeresstille*; the strong and sinister drama of *Der Zwerg*: of all these and more he showed himself the ideal interpreter. He does not find it so easy to unbend. His *Abschied* lacked youthful gaiety; and he treated *Im Frühling* in too staccato a fashion, with a little pat from the lion's paw on each successive note, which spoilt the sweet simplicity of the tune. It is certainly his command of the grand manner that makes him pre-eminent among the Lieder singers of today. Gerald Moore accompanied sensitively, though—given the size and the quality of the singer's voice—he might occasionally have allowed himself a more strongly compelling rhythm and a firmer bass. Full marks for the admirably printed texts and translations by William Mann.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Ear Versus Eye

QUITE a deal of public, professionally presented poetry reading goes on—a legacy, no doubt, of the boom in the arts during and just after the war. The Apollo Society, born during the war years and still quite active, spices its readings with music; at Stratford a summer series of Sunday evening recitals has become a tradition; there are frequent readings at such places in London as the I.C.A.; and the Arts Council, the backer of many of these activities, is now itself arranging tours of poetry readers in the provinces.

I wonder how valuable, or how merely entertaining, these affairs are? The Apollo Society's evening of music and verse at the Festival Hall Recital Room the other Sunday was a not untypical specimen. The poetry had been carefully chosen by Mr. John Carroll to blend with Mr. Julian Bream's lute and guitar. Miss Margaretta Scott looked handsome and spoke clearly. Mr. Michael Hordern is one of our best actors, who always uses his voice with intelligence and wit. But for me this is an unsatisfactory form of amusement, like three-handed bridge. I find

it hard to follow the poems I do not know; rarely do the performers add anything to the poems I do know; the poetry expressly designed for the stage seems sadly out of context; and the music is as distracting as that in a Marx Brothers' film.

I suppose most poets at some stage of the act of composition read their poetry aloud and I suspect that a hollow Yeatsian chant is the type of delivery most favoured. Certainly there still exists an umbilical cord between poetry, however complex, and the original incantatory function of the art. The poet still designs at least part of his poetry to accompany the reader on solitary walks or in the bathroom.

But has this anything to do with the reading of poetry by professional actors? The consigning of the propagation of poetry to the actor means that he will have a large say in what poetry is to be propagated. It is no disparagement of actors to asseverate that they want to read what they understand and, that being so, most modern (and much old) poetry is *ipso facto* excluded from their repertoire. These considerations can still apply when programmes are compiled by third parties: the actor is a tough personality. And, again, actors want to put in "expression" and often use the soft-centred voice deemed appropriate to poetry. At the Festival Hall, for example, Mr. Hordern was best at his quietest, and Miss Scott too frequently spoke through a brave smile.

Poetry recital audiences, too, like best to be reminded of what they already know—as similar audiences masochistically suffer Beethoven 5 or Tschaikovsky 6. And they want to be moved, as they are in the theatre, by broad effects of emotion or humour. Mr. Hordern arranging a lamp for Miss Scott and perilously disturbing its centre of gravity: Mr. Hordern in Jonson's "Her Triumph" at last coming to the celebrated pay-off lines—in many ways such things were the highlights of that particular evening.

Poetry readings are the easiest way of "doing something" for poetry, and in that field of endeavour they are no doubt the activities on which C.E.M.A., and later the Arts Council, have over the years spent most money. They certainly do something for actors and those copyright poets whose poems contrive to get read. But the beneficiaries under the latter head are more likely to be the literary executors of A. E. Housman than young Mr. X, whose excellent books sell 250 copies. The typical poetry reading is really a social occasion, an opportunity for an audience to get matey with an actor without the barrier of greasepaint, a titillation of poetic sensory paths already well-worn in adolescence: its connection with poetry as a creative process happening in the here and now seems to me to be tenuous.

About the only form of it which I think can help to bring home to its audience some conception of the proper role of poetry and of the aims of its writers is the illustrated talk. A poet speaking of his work or of other contemporary work in rational, explanatory, technical terms, with a period for questions and discussion is unlikely to engender that cosy, poesy atmosphere that is so often the blighting feature of the poetry recital proper. And such a talk is suitable for all levels, from the I.C.A. to the Sixth Form Club, and should need no subsidy.

There is, too, rather more than a morbid interest in hearing a poet read his own verse, and such programmes seem to me the best of the recitals put out by the BBC (Robert Frost, for instance, could be heard the other week). For some of the foregoing objections to poetry readings apply to the conventional ones on the BBC, and though those devoted to new poems are well-intentioned and financially useful to an ill-paid tribe, they do add a fresh peril to the *genre*, because almost all unfamiliar poems sound plausible read aloud.

I believe that poetry can only be truly judged and properly appreciated on the printed page. If one thought that poetry recitals helped to bring their audiences to that judgment and appreciation, especially of contemporary and experimental verse, one would be more indulgent towards them. But I cannot help thinking that they often interpose one more irrelevant consideration between the reader and the poem as the poet conceived it.

ROY FULLER

Desert Islands Ahoy!

My favourite beginning to an article—which appeared, by the way, long ago in the *New Statesman*—is: "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and foot-and-mouth disease is rampant again in the Midlands." One can't hope to rival that, but what brings it to mind is a wave or epidemic of desert-island films rapidly nearing these shores. How such an onslaught is engendered, who knows? Infection in Hollywood spreads fast, and from Hollywood elsewhere; then there's much dawdling in the actual film-making; scripts are re-written, spies report from one studio to another; this must be pinched, that flung; then, with the temperature rising, everyone will go all out to be the biggest, starkest, sultriest, or whatever may be in the wind; and so we get what must seem to the patient cinema-queuer a glut.

But the first to arrive certainly has a pull. This is the initial advantage of *Sea-Wife*, at the Carlton. We haven't yet seen the others, had time to tire of the genre and sigh over repetitions. The first thing to strike us about *Sea-Wife* is that it is an advance on the life-boat cycle from which we have just emerged. In a life-boat film *nothing* happens, and there's only the cruel and often unreal sea around. The desert-island film has palm-fringed shores in view; there will be coconuts, raft-building, courting through the trees, and with any luck wild pigs. *Sea-Wife* doesn't get as far as wild pigs; but it manages to pack into a rubber dinghy a nun, a coloured man, a barking sahib, and Mr. Richard Burton—quite a foursome. Everyone knows that the nun is a nun except Mr. Burton: it's essential that his love should be, for him, mysteriously thwarted. And then the predicament can lead to such dialogue as "Is there—someone else?" Pause, then with shining eyes, "Yes." "Oh." Quite a lot of other things happen. The coloured man finds a knife and grows tyrannical. The sahib kills him, and then returns home to retirement in a private mental home. The nun comes back to nunning; Mr. Burton advertises in Agony columns for his "Sea-Wife" as he had called her in desert-island days. Altogether I rather enjoyed this escapade, as I'm sure I shouldn't have if it had come as number eleven, say, in the bunch.

There's nothing new about *Interpol* (Odeon), except the advertising campaign of a Wanted Man staring at us from buses and from under the Guinness clock along Piccadilly. Isn't it Mr. Trevor Howard? Naturally; and he lounges through it in his most sinister, cigarette-holder mood. A silk stocking tightens round a throat before the titles go up, dope's the thing, a bar in New York is exchanged for bars in Europe, cuties abound, cars chase, there's a final gun-battle among packing cases, and then the climax of the roofs. Oh, and I'd almost forgotten the leaden-lidded Mr. Mature in that familiar role, the copper avenging a dead pal. He's rather tragic for this sort of thing.

Every year *Fantasia* revives at Studio One; and this year, with the excuse that it makes its first appearance with stereophonic sound as intended, I have paid it a visit. It remains an astonishing experiment in popular appeal. The relation of music to movement, so vital to cinema, is explored on all levels, from abstract to fanciful; and if the gadding of centaurs doesn't come up to Beethoven, there's a striking congruity in the prehistoric vision linked to Stravinsky's *Rite of Spring*, and parts of the Bach fugue splendidly run and jig in a void. The chief disappointment is not the faded prettiness or pretension of other pieces, but the fact that it should have left film-makers and audiences comparatively untouched. "Background music" is no better, and a great deal noisier, than it was twenty years ago. The film with an enhancing score remains a rarity. *Yangtse Incident* would seem only half as trite with music less dutifully brave, and a further reason for looking forward to *Un condamné à mort s'est échapé* is its accompaniment of Mozart and silence.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"Mirele Effros", at the Winter Garden

It is now obvious that the choice of an undramatic opening play at the Winter Garden did not give the Polish Yiddish Theatre a fair chance. Its second production, *Mirele Effros*, shows that, in the right medium, it is a company of considerable power and integrated team work. The playwright, Jacob Gordin, who flourished at the beginning of the century, was an accomplished craftsman; his plays were well rounded, technically complete, combining some of the influence of the Russian masters with the contemporary Sardoodledom. In this play he has drawn a striking character of a rich Jewish widow, who is just and rigorous in her dealings, but weak in the handling of her son and raucous daughter-in-law. The Jewish family life, with its devotions, its humour, its wilfulness, and also its selfishness, is finely portrayed with an undoubted authenticity. Ida Kaminska, as Mirele, dominates the action. Here is an actress whom it is a joy to watch. She can convey incisiveness and compassion with every movement of her body and every inflection of her voice, but she is not above a little ham theatricality in an unreal reconciliation scene. Some of the scenes in this play, notably a betrothal, are extremely gay and picturesque, and there is a very amusing performance of the bride's father by Mojzesz Szwejlich. Theatre lovers are well advised to see this play and *Tevie der Milchiger*, Sholem Aleichem's Chekovian tragi-comedy. It may well be that they will never again have the opportunity of seeing a classical company emphasising the nationalism of the great Yiddish writers.

C. L.

Letters from Goethe

Dr M. HERZFELD *and* Miss C. A. M. SYM

'THIS is an altogether admirable volume and one that has long been needed. Goethe's known letters run to well over 13,000 and fill 50 volumes of the great Weimar edition. Only students want correspondence at this length. At the same time, to produce a really representative selection of some 600 letters in one volume is no easy task . . . The first thing to be judged in such a book is its arrangement. The editors are by no means absentee landlords, but they are unobtrusive. The 67 years the letters cover are divided into 15 sections, each prefaced with a brisk survey of Goethe's life and writings during the period. The choice of letters is brilliant; the whole has something of the texture of a symphony, themes being stated, developed, and often linking up over many years.' *The Times*

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Correspondence

NUCLEAR PROTEST

SIR,—Harold and Shiela Steele, Reginald Reynolds, and other volunteers from this country have expressed their intention, if possible, of going to the Pacific in order to challenge the right of the British government to carry out the proposed tests with nuclear weapons.

At this late stage an emergency committee has been established in order to raise funds for this purpose, to co-operate with Japanese and, we hope, American organisations sharing the same general purposes, and to provide the basis for further direct action in future so long as it may be necessary.

The emergency committee wishes to hand over its responsibility to a larger and more representative body as soon as this can be done. In the meantime funds are urgently needed and donations can be sent to the Hon. Secretary, J. Allen Skinner, at this address.

HORACE ALEXANDER, HUGH BROCK, ALEX COMFORT, RUTH FRY, LAURENCE HOUSMAN, JOHN S. HOYLAND, SPIKE MILLIGAN, STUART MORRIS, PATRICIA RUSHTON, BERTRAND RUSSELL, ARLO TATUM

Emergency Committee for Direct Action Against Nuclear War,
79 Lordship Park, N.16.

DILEMMA IN ALGERIA

SIR,—Your journal has always played a useful part in the fight against injustice. May it long continue to do so.

Terrible things are happening in Algeria and unfortunately this is not the cricket match type of struggle such as we have seen in our recent and repetitive war films. However, we know this kind of situation from our own activities overseas in Malaya, Kenya and Cyprus. In those cases the position was always fairly straightforward and at no time were we faced with the prospect of seeing our parliamentary democracy hang in the balance.

In France today the situation is very much more complicated. What if we had cleared out of Kenya at the height of Mau Mau activity? What would have happened to the settlers and what would they have done? It is not pleasant to think about. There are over a million Europeans in Algeria and they are not the kind of people who would enjoy reading the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION every week. Unfortunately, at their recent Tunis press conference, the leaders of the *Front de Libération Nationale* who have seen their people suffer under colonialist "integration" are now asking for "integration" in the opposite direction for their own benefit. Just as these Algerians did not want to lose their nationality, neither do the French settlers. Were the government to pull out, metropolitan France would not take it calmly either. The Fascists and some right-wing army officers might well consider taking action.

What can the government do? It has offered free elections with foreign observers after a cease fire. Why then do not the nationalist leaders accept the cease fire in the knowledge that they would certainly win these elections and that on this basis they could go ahead and declare Algeria independent? But, as was restated at the Tunis press conference, the F.L.N. insists on French recognition of Algerian independence first. "Is an intransigent attitude of any use to the F.L.N.?" asks M. Barrat, one of the best-informed commentators, in last week's *France-Observateur*.

A realistic compromise "à l'anglaise" appears almost impossible. If Paris goes too far in the direction of F.L.N. demands, the repercussions will be serious, and the least that will happen is that the government will be replaced by one more to the right. Despite Vicky's cartoon, witty and to the point as always, M. Mollet's government is as far to the left as it is possible for a government to be, given the membership structure of the National Assembly. As Dr. Lamine, one of the F.L.N. leaders, said at Tunis, the present government is the most liberal they could expect.

Thus, within this general picture, I think it is superficial to consider M. Mollet as a kind of crypto-Fascist who wants to hang on to the premiership at all costs. The Socialists have not lost votes at any of the local or by-elections. I do not think these slight gains represent, as is often thought, support for the "Lacoste policy," but rather shows the dilemma of the French people who are against this hopeless war which they know will end, sooner or later, in Algerian independence. They do not want a right-wing policy, even more stupidly repressive, nor a policy which, according to moderate opinion, would result in the complete withdrawal if not extermination of the settlers. If Mr. Johnson were Prime Minister what could he do, apart from resigning immediately?

As for the tortures carried out by the French, it is to be hoped that sufficient pressure of public opinion against them will offset the right wing to some extent. This would not appear easy, as their answer is, of course, that the rebels are not noted for their humanitarianism.

I certainly do not want to defend reactionary settlers or "Molletisme," but to fill in some of the background to this grievous human problem.

19 rue de l'Odéon, WILLIAM SCRIMGEOUR
Paris 6e.

OPERATION PAVEMENT

SIR,—Dr. Phyllis Dobbs's letter should surely convert any who still believe that the housing shortage will be finally cured by the application of the Rent Bill to the present distressing conditions such as she describes. It is foolish optimism to pretend that the families in the welfare homes and those split up and living with relatives will easily be rehoused by the "supply and demand" created by the Act.

These families, the new "submerged tenth," will not present the best references to a prospective landlord, and indeed the ordinary landlord will be even less likely to accept them as tenants in the future if demand for cheaply rented property still exceeds supply. The local authorities, our biggest landlords, are becoming increasingly reluctant to accept the "doubtful" tenant. In this they are perhaps merely echoing the opinion of the large number of respectable tenants, who live in council houses, and who look askance at the unmarried mother, and the families of undisciplined and noisy children who are sometimes thrust among them—to say nothing of the type that refuses to be houseproud. Housing managers, striving to help these families to better living standards, are frequently asked "Why do you *allow* such people to live in our houses?" And when there is difficulty in collecting the rent it is hard to defend the irresponsible and feckless from eviction by councils who feel they owe a duty to their normal tenants, and wish to allocate their houses to the many families on their waiting list with unblemished reputations.

Have the councils, in fact, fallen down on the job of providing housing for the homeless? Do they wish only to concern themselves with those who can show a clear rent book, a cultivated garden and a clean house?

If the councils abdicate, who then is to help? Perhaps here is a chance for the voluntary bodies to step in and acquire property which could be converted at reasonable cost to house these families until such time as legislation permits the local authorities to do this and at last to treat housing as a social service.

If the government could subsidise an organisation such as the Family Service Unit to house and rehabilitate families rendered homeless, it would probably prove less costly in the long run than the expensive rest centres and welfare homes, and the resulting benefit to family life would be immeasurable.

After all, Octavia Hill, almost single-handed, did just this nearly 100 years ago and the experiment paid 5 per cent. to the investors. Although we may not reckon our 5 per cent. in hard cash, as a community we would be repaid in terms of less ill health, crime and plain misery.

Many good families living in the welfare homes, in wretched impermanency, are worthy of good homes and will find them in time, if the wait has not been too long and painful and degenerating. The others remain, a recurring problem in human hopelessness, and we cannot much longer stand by helpless, as if at a stag hunt. BRENDA M. WILSHIRE

205 Soundwell Road,
Staple Hill, Bristol.

PRISONS AND MENTAL HOSPITALS

SIR,—Mr. Cohen's letter seems obviously sincere, but I feel that he is, unintentionally, a little unfair to Dr. Maxwell Jones and his staff.

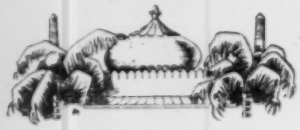
I am an ex-Belmont patient and I would say that the Social Rehabilitation Unit there did a great deal to *remove* my feelings of "deserved punishment" and "unconscious guilt." My stay there gradually revealed to me that these feelings had always existed in myself. My acceptance by the unit community started me on the feeling that I was much the same as any other human being, and not either exceptionally undesirable nor exceptionally weak-minded.

I would not argue that the atmosphere of the Belmont Unit is "subtly destructive." I found it constructive. I would go so far as to say that I regard a nervous breakdown now as a natural protest against intolerable strain, just as the body, by exhaustion, may make a protest against excessive physical strain. What Dr. Maxwell Jones's unit does is to avoid, in many cases, "wasting a good nervous breakdown," by enabling the patient to learn from it and to increase, rather than merely to regain, his psychological strength. In some cases, the final result may be a person psychologically stronger than the average "man-in-the-street."

I think I am right in saying that the average I.Q. of unit patients is higher than the national average. It is very often the more sensitive or conscientious people who are most affected by the strain of modern life.

I would agree with Mr. Cohen that Belmont Hospital does not look very much like the Mayo Clinic. But this does help to show some patients that the most important things in life are human relationships, and that (as in my own case) a persons' objections to surroundings, food, etc., may be partly projections of his dissatisfactions with his own inadequate relationships.

Where I agree with Mr. Cohen's criticisms is in



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LONGMANS

the nature of some of the "clearing depots" for voluntary psychological patients. My own example will illustrate this. I arrived in this country from one of the Dominions, and after the loss of my wife and family, my job, my health and my money, had touched off a depression in which I had a temporary amnesia. I reported to the nearest hospital with a psychiatric ward. Some of the older type of male nurses and orderlies certainly had a brutal attitude suggesting that one was a criminal; and the forcible removal of all one's personal possessions, and then the close confinement for a period of two weeks, are not likely to do other than discourage a person already suffering from depression.

But I should like to add that I found the attitudes of the foreign psychotherapists at Belmont "here to learn the language" invariably sympathetic and humanising.

Mr. Cohen states that one in twenty of the population spends some time in a psychiatric hospital. That proportion is likely to increase, and this alone will do a great deal to alter public opinion, which is already becoming much more enlightened through the work of pioneers like Dr. Maxwell Jones, his staff and his patients.

A FORMER MEMBER OF THE UNIT

TO HELL WITH SUBTOPIA

SIR,—I feel I cannot pass over Mr. Wyndham Thomas's letter without comment. This kind of question-begging is all too common with supporters of the theories plugged by the Town and Country Planning Association for so many years.

Leaving aside the specious plea that planning authorities "practise the art of the possible" (and what is more important to the practice of planning than that the possibilities for improving "the look of the thing" should be increased?), we come to the question of the attack on open density development. Now Mr. Thomas uses immoderate language when dealing with this attack; he also calls it misdirected. Perhaps this description has something to do with the fact that open density development and the assumptions that underlie its theory form one of the most cherished tenets—almost, in fact, a "raison d'être"—of the Town and Country Planning Association.

I submit that the attack on open density development is not only not misdirected, but that it deals with the crux of the matter. It seems to me that this fallacious conception of housing pattern is fallacious because it is founded on a fallacy: that most people—all people in new towns and estates, in fact—conform to the pattern of the average man. Since the average man wants a garden, of such and such a size, and since the average man has become accustomed—so the argument runs—to a certain kind of house (two storeys), then everyone must want things that way, and what they want it is the planners duty to provide.

But this is arrant—and arrogant—nonsense. It is the theorising of persons who have not lived and worked (as I have) in typical 15-to-the-acre housing development for any significant period of time.

I am an architect; I have lived in what I am told is one of the best new towns (from what I have seen, that is quite probably true) for nearly 4½ years. I have worked on this kind of development myself, and I know the problems involved in designing housing layout—with an intimate knowledge.

There are no average persons to be designed for. Some wish for a large garden, some for a small garden, some for no garden at all. Some prefer flats to houses—it depends on circumstances and very often on opportunity. I live in a tower block of flats which suffers from many of the disadvantages accruing from lack of money to spend on finish—soundproofing, or rather the lack of it, is one obvious point. However, my flat is delightful to live in—many good views, easy to run, private, well planned. People of my type, who appreciate this sort of accommodation, will form an increasing proportion of new town dwellers in the future, as the young families now here in such numbers grow up and look for their own places to live. Demand for flats will increase enormously; but there will be no space for flats. All available room will be taken up by two-storied houses, each with minimum gardens of so many square yards;

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W H

In 1890 a young man

of independent means and literary ambitions set up business in two rooms in Bedford Street. In this modest way William Heinemann laid the foundations of a publishing house which today is a company of considerable proportions.

The sign of the windmill is upon works of the highest literary merit over two thirds of a century. The Russians, in Constance Garnett's translations: TOLSTOY, DOSTOEVSKY, TURGENEV: playwrights such as IBSEN and PINERO: and at the turn of the century such names as ALGERNON SWINBURNE, EDMUND GOSSE, GEORGE MOORE, MAURICE BARING, MAX BEERBOHM, HENRY JAMES, JOSEPH CONRAD, H. G. WELLS, R. L. STEVENSON, JOHN MASEFIELD, JOHN GALSWORTHY, SOMERSET MAUGHAM, added lustre to a rapidly growing reputation.

Meanwhile other authors were becoming famous under the sails of the windmill, notably D. H. LAWRENCE, J. B. PRIESTLEY and FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG. In the 1930's new names appeared—GRAHAM GREENE and NEVIL SHUTE, and later—ANTHONY POWELL, RICHARD ALDINGTON, RICHARD CHURCH, TRUMAN CAPOTE, JULIAN GREEN. The British reading public were also introduced to great American authors from STEPHEN CRANE, SINCLAIR LEWIS and JACK LONDON to THOMAS WOLFE, JOHN STEINBECK and ERSKINE CALDWELL.

Although predominantly concerned in publishing the work of creative writers, books on world affairs, (LLOYD GEORGE, ATTLEE, WEYGAND, EISENHOWER, BEVAN, MENDES FRANCE), entertainment (NOEL COWARD), music (ERIC COATES), drama (MICHAEL REDGRAVE), astronomy (FRED HOYLE), science (SHERWOOD TAYLOR), politics (R. T. MCKENZIE), and sociology (MORRIS GINSBERG, RAYMOND ARON)—are all published by

Heinemann

W H

ten per cent. of which, as surveyed by me from the top storey of my tower block, are not cultivated.

The new town where I live will, when completed, be three miles in diameter. It has much to commend it in pleasantness of character, in the skilful use of green wedges driven into (or saved from) the belts of housing by careful concentration of housing density at node points, leaving open spaces between. It had much more to commend it in the early stages. As it grows, it becomes more and more monotonous. It is to the credit of the various designers concerned that it has not already become completely deadly. Two storeys looks much the same, however ingenious the plan, when laid out to an even overall density for three miles. And with factory areas on the edge of the town, how about the trudge to and from work?

If the problem is acute in new towns (where, I feel, every credit is due to corporations for doing wonders with a nigh impossible task), what about the country as a whole? Moreover, assuming that new towns are built around London at an average distance of 30 miles, and that economic development of land continues at 15-to-the-acre into the foreseeable future, is it not likely, nay, inevitable, that the spaces between London and the new towns will be filled up, whatever our existing safeguards, because people will *want* to live near London, whatever we think about it? Can you imagine Greater London, at 15-to-the-acre, extending 60 miles-plus in every direction?

I like town, and I like country. I don't much like the idea of a future in which the place where I *must* live—because of my work—will be neither.

NEW TOWN DWELLER

ADENAUER AND ATOM BOMBS

SIR,—One of the arguments put forward by the supporters of West German rearmament, in an effort to still the widespread public alarm at the prospect of a new Wehrmacht, was that the Germans would never, never, never have atomic weapons. Sir Anthony Eden, speaking in the Commons on November 17, 1954, during the Debate on the London and Paris Agreements, recalled that the German Federal Republic had *of its own volition* renounced the manufacture of atomic weapons.

It is now reported from Bonn that Federal Chancellor Adenauer has said that Germany must arm herself with tactical atomic weapons. Is the next step to be that Nato will tacitly agree that West Germany should *manufacture* atomic weapons?

49 Clapton Common, E.5. ARTHUR SUPER

EZRA POUND

SIR,—May I isolate from Andrew Wordsworth's review of translation from the Greek his remark on "our duty" in regard to Ezra Pound? Will you, Sir, please respond to that remark and appeal to American intellectuals to lobby for the release of Mr. Pound? With such lavish clemency to draw on (witness the recent pardon of many war offenders), might they not now have some hope of success? The argument advanced by friends in America who honour poetry is that if he were freed from his present crowded cage he would have to suffer worse, cannot be accepted as final. One is told that justice can be tempered with mercy and still keep its quality. A poet's freedom may be held to have no greater weight than any other man's. But what if there were put in the scale the debt of all other men to this one who continues to give of his genius in defiance of his lot?

ELLEN HART

THE THIRD

SIR,—I can hardly express my delight at the reduction in the Third Programme. For ten exhausting years I have been enslaved evening after evening by a glut of excellence. Now at last the dawn of liberation gleams. Already I shall be able to read or write between six and eight, or on fine evenings improve my sedentary figure with a little walk to seek refreshment. I suppose the pubs still keep the same hours? Perhaps, if they still live, I shall have time to look up the friends that my hermit-life by the loudspeaker has forced me to neglect. But let me not, in the joy of new leisure, be too ungrateful to my dear departing tutor and fascinator: how glad I am that, when the talk turns to Soviet, African or Arab affairs, the men at the bar will have my decade of erudition to admire! Too bad the younger chaps will have to read all that up, but I expect they'll be able to afford an LP, or a few annual tickets, to help them get a notion of the exaltation in all that rare and glorious music. Maybe, if they're lucky, they'll be able to pick up a black market tape of some great performance. Yes, these, I must admit, have been the days! Long live Sir Ian, and the Controller—was it?—of the Spoken Mind. Thank Heaven I'm not a *Specialist!*

76 North Hinksey Lane, BERNARD NOBLE
Oxford.

AND THE OTHER WRITER

SIR,—I am delighted to see that my friend Mr. Evelyn Waugh has received £3,000 as damages from the Beaverbrook Newspapers and Another. As in his previous case against Miss Rebecca West and Messrs. Macmillan I seem to appear in the rather anomalous position of "another writer."

> Mr. Faulks, announcing the settlement, said that the article was under the heading, in very heavy type, "REBECCA WEST ATTACKS EVELYN WAUGH" and another writer. Beside a photograph of the plaintiff appeared the words, in heavy type: "They (the plaintiff and the other writer) have created a climate of crack-brain confusion between virtues and vices . . . a climate in which the traitor flourishes."
>
> *The Times*, April 5.

I feel that to prevent misunderstanding I should mention that I did not bring an action for libel against Miss West and the others concerned, not because I agreed with Miss West's remarks, but for two reasons: (1) that I am disinclined as an author to bring a libel action against another author and I could only detect in Miss West's remarks a pitiable confusion of mind, and (2) in the case of the Beaverbrook Newspapers, Ltd., a libel action would have brought me in too close contact with an organisation which I prefer to keep at a proper distance.

GRAHAM GREENE

PHÈDRE

SIR,—Teachers of French must be grateful to Mr. Weightman for his brilliant notice of *Phèdre*. But in presenting this to my class as a model of Racinian criticism, I had to make an important reservation. To me, the interpretation of the part of Oenone was second only to that of Mme Feuillère's *Phèdre*. And as the whole production was so obviously thought out to its last detail, we must assume that the fussiness was deliberate.

For me, the character of the nurse had for once really come to life. Perhaps I was influenced by the fact that I had been making a prolonged study of Anouilh's *Antigone*. Here the nurse is clearly a "fusspot," but through (as the racing pundits say) the practice of Musset and the theories of Hugo, her pedigree goes back to Oenone and illuminates her.

Re-reading the play and the chapter on "Phèdre", in Mr. Brereton's *Racine*, I am more convinced than ever that Marguerite Coutan-Lambert's "fussy" interpretation of the part of Oenone is fully justified; and once that is conceded we must allow that the part is played superbly—reminding me of Edith Evans as the nurse in *Romeo and Juliet*.

I. JENKINS

Bancroft's School,
Woodford Green, Essex.

JOYCE AND THE GOONS

SIR,—On reading V. S. Pritchett's article I was delighted to know that the Goon Show are the sole inheritors of James Joyce's literary legacy. Let him rest assured that he is in good hands. It may delight or horrify V. S. Pritchett to know that more than one Goon Show has been prompted by characters in *Ulysses*; and at times, let's face it, *Finnegans Wake* does become a Goon Show.

2 Cumberland House, SPIKE MILLIGAN
W.8.

The Changing Face of Publishing

This supplement, which is edited and introduced by Walter Allen, contains contributions by four publishers, Hamish Hamilton, A. S. Frere, André Deutsch and Sir Allen Lane; a well-known bookseller, Anthony Godwin; and an author, J. B. Priestley

"FACTORS largely outside the book trade's own control made 1956 both an historic and an anxious year." So the trade's leading paper, *The Bookseller*, summed up the state of publishing and bookselling during 1956. But during the year, the turnover of the publishing trade rose by almost £2 millions over the figure for 1955. It is now more than four and a half times greater than it was in 1939. Even if it is assumed that the price of books has doubled since then, which is not so, this still means that more than twice as many books are being sold now than before the war. Since the end of the war, the rise in turnover and sales has been continuous. In what sense, then, can 1956 be described as an historic and an anxious year for publishing?

The short answer is to be found in a parallel with newspaper publishing, the disappearance during the past twenty-five years of so many old-established daily and evening papers, particularly in the provinces. All the evidence suggests that book-publishing is going a similar way.

Admittedly, the mortality rate among publishing houses has always been high; between 1931 and 1939, it is said, as many as 21 well-known firms went out of business; and of the firms that came into existence during the period very few have survived into the present. To be a successful and enduring publisher calls for a combination of qualities, an important one being luck. Publishing is a highly individualistic, perhaps even anarchic trade and from its very nature has always been hazardous. The qualifications necessary to a publisher were defined by one of the greatest of Victorian publishers, George Smith. They include, he said, not only "an expert knowledge of all the forms of business but a taste for speculation and a high degree of courage in taking risks." But he added that his own financial position enabled him "not to look too anxiously to the question of whether a book meant profit or loss. I could afford to take risks for the gratification of my own tastes, and to pay prices to authors I liked and for work which I personally admired that a publisher whose livelihood depended wholly on his profits could not afford."

There it is. But a publisher today needs much more money to set himself up and maintain himself in business than ever was needed before. During 1956, certain tendencies became so pronounced as to indicate that the traditional structure of the industry was changing, and, conceivably too, its nature.

These tendencies are related. They are: the increasing difficulty of the smaller, independent firms to survive; the growth of what have come to be called publishing empires; and the irruption into publishing of what for convenience may be called the City. None of these things is new, but in 1956 and indeed in the present year, their impetus has been spectacular.

Early in 1956, the firm of Rupert Hart-Davis, one of the most outstanding of post-war publishers, became closely associated financially with Heinemann, which already controlled a number of other houses, including the very distinguished house of Secker & Warburg: Heinemann had become an empire. A smaller, enterprising post-war firm, MacGibbon & Kee, was bought by Mr. Howard Samuel. Towards the end of the year, the famous firm, The Bodley Head, was bought by Max Reinhardt, Ltd., which this year acquired T. Werner Laurie, Ltd.; the purchases were financed by the bankers, Henry Ansbacher & Co. Another empire was born. The latest development is the financial amalgamation of Methuen with Eyre & Spottiswoode.

These are not the only examples of small firms coming into association with larger organisations backed with finance from the City. And there are other empires. There is Hutchinson, the oldest of them all, now in process of reorganisation: it controls "numerous" publishing firms—the adjective is its own. Collins controls Geoffrey Bles; Methuen controls Chapman & Hall.

The list is incomplete, but the reason for the anxiety caused by this accelerating process of rationalisation is obvious enough. It arises from a consideration of the social function of publishing. It is hard to escape the conclusion that already too much power is in too few hands. Publishing is a trade, but at its best, it is also a vocation. It has something to do with literature in the high sense, with learning and scholarship, with the dissemination of ideas, opinions and information, however unpopular or unpalatable. This paradox lies at the heart of publishing, and in the minds of a great many people publishing of a significant kind is bound up with the survival of the independent publisher. Is this in fact necessarily so? And how, in any case, can the smaller, independent publisher survive?

The Composition of the Trade

Publishing is a highly complex industry. As industries go, it is a small one, but its importance is out of all proportion to its size. No doubt its real importance cannot be estimated in financial terms at all; even so, in financial terms, books form about one-hundredth part of the total annual value of British goods exported.

More than 90 per cent. of the total output of books published each year comes from the 360 firms that are members of the Publishers Association. The only large concern not a member is the largest, Her Majesty's Stationery Office, which publishes by far the biggest number of individual works annually, 725 during the second half of 1956. To a limited extent, HMSO is in competition with commercial publishers.

Of the 360 members of the P.A., only about a hundred are general publishers. The rest are firms producing books for specialised markets. There is a world of difference between a firm publishing yearbooks, school textbooks, law books, medical books or technical and scientific works and one with a general list made up of fiction, history, biography, travel, verse and books of immediate topical interest. For these there can be, at the beginning at least, no assured demand. Each one of them must create its own. From their very nature, they are highly speculative. It is the future of this kind of publishing, general publishing, that is the subject of debate.

Not, of course, that the distinction between the specialist publisher and the general publisher is a hard and fast one. Many general publishers, the larger particularly, are buttressed by special interests of which the common reader is scarcely aware. Collins, the largest single publisher after HMSO, holds the patent for printing in Scotland the Authorised Version of the Bible; during its existence it has printed more than 70 million copies. It is associated, too, with a stationery business producing 180 million envelopes a year. Eyre & Spottiswoode, Ltd., is Her Majesty's Printer and shares the right with the Oxford and Cambridge University Presses of publishing the Bible and the Book of Common Prayer in England. Longmans, besides being a general publisher, is a leading publisher of school textbooks and specialises also in theological, scientific and technical works. Similarly with Macmillan.

Almost every general publisher seeks to establish some kind of line which becomes identified with his imprint. With the older houses, it takes the form of the "back list," books that are in perennial demand and sell themselves without benefit of advertising, books such as *English Social History* or *Gone with the Wind*. A good back list, it has been said, is "every publisher's dream," and the importance of the back list to the industry is shown by the fact that reprints and new editions account for more than a quarter of all the individual books published in a year. But the back list is the fruit of years of successful publishing. New publishers must try to exploit some sector of the public taste hitherto inadequately catered for, and most young publishers attempt to identify themselves with some specialised field apart from their general publish-

The Hutchinson Group endeavour to publish good books of all kinds and sell them everywhere

1936 1957

21 years

Twenty-one years is not a long time in publishing. Although infant mortality is endemic among book publishers, many firms have survived, a few to enjoy an honourable centenary. We of the Mermaid imprint salute the veterans and hope to follow their example.

For 21 years the firm of Michael Joseph has restricted its output to an average of fewer than 50 new books a year. We have had our share of failures, but on this occasion we may perhaps mention a few books which have evidently given pleasure to readers.

of publishing

By our definition (a sale of over 50,000 in the original edition) we have 42 "best sellers" to our credit, an average of two a year. Biggest successes were *How Green Was My Valley*, *The Snow Goose*, *One Pair of Hands* and *One Pair of Feet* and, since the war, the *Hornblower* stories, *Not as a Stranger*, *Bhowani Junction*, *Doctor in the House* and Richard Gordon's other books. Our sales of these total over three million copies.

good books

Authors "discovered" by the firm include Monica Dickens, Paul Gallico, Richard Gordon, Richard Llewellyn and John Masters. We also publish for H. E. Bates, Vicki Baum, Joyce Cary, Henry Cecil, Clemence Dane, C. S. Forester, Geoffrey Household, Doris Lessing, E. S. Turner, V. Sackville-West and other distinguished writers.

We do not pursue "best sellers", although they are always welcome. We are (in one sense of the word) amateur publishers whose biggest satisfaction is the discovery of new talent, and the progress, in reputation and sales, of our authors.

MICHAEL JOSEPH

ing, whether it is books on farming, music, fly-fishing, small boats, old silver or Italic script. These are "bread-and-butter" lines. The more general a publisher's list the more precarious his position is likely to be.

The Price of Books

All publishers, whatever their age or size, are caught in the grip of an economic fact that is central to the present condition of the industry. This is that, relative to the cost of materials, the price of books is too low. Printing and binding cost three times as much as in 1939; paper costs five times as much. The one item in the costing of books that has remained constant as a percentage is the author's royalty; indeed, for big-selling authors especially, rates have gone down slightly. But prices have not risen in anything like proportion, and the rise has been timid and gradual, mainly because of the fears of booksellers and the pressure brought to bear by the large circulating libraries. Only in the case of books with an assured market have price rises been realistic. The nature of *Whitaker's Almanack* has allowed its publishers to raise the price from the pre-war 3s. to 10s. Similarly, the Penguin or Pelican, once sixpence, is now half-a-crown or 3s. 6d., and the ordinary volume in the World's Classics series or in Everyman's Library, 2s. in 1939, is now normally 6s. But even now, though it is inevitable that prices will go on creeping up, the novel that would have been 7s. 6d. before the war is not always 15s.; and the prices of non-fiction books have gone up rather less.

Obviously the publisher's margin of profit per book has shrunk. Figures are hard to come by, but a sample survey made by the Publishers Association in 1952 of figures supplied by nine leading general publishers suggested that the average profit on a novel or popular non-fiction work was then 3.61 per cent. of the published price. Production costs averaged 28.24 per cent. of the published price, discounts to booksellers on copies sold 39.07, overheads, including the cost of advertising, 17.20, author's royalties 11.88.

And this is not the whole story. Before the war, a large proportion of a publisher's total profits from a new book came from reprintings, which brought in a much higher ratio of profit than the original edition. Normally, the most expensive item in the production of a book is the setting up of the metal type. This is charged against the first printing. Later impressions, sold at the same price as the first edition, have to bear only the cost of paper and machining and binding and of author's royalties. The profit on immediate re-printing has, however, been greatly reduced by the rise in costs of paper, machining and binding.

Against all this must be set the enormous and progressive increase in the turnover of the trade. In 1955, it amounted to £46,270,953. The figure for 1956 is not yet available, but all the evidence indicates that it will have risen by a further £2 million. More books are being bought than ever before. It is true the situation is not quite so rosy as appears at first glance. More than 35 per cent. of the annual turnover comes from exports, and the profit on books sold abroad is less than on books sold at home since publishers must pay higher discounts to overseas booksellers. And though the home turnover is rising, the export turnover is rising more steeply. It has been maintained that English publishing has become unhealthily dependent on the export trade. Nor are overseas markets necessarily secure for all time. Our biggest single customer for books is Australia. We are in a favoured position there, as against the Americans, because of the Australian shortage of dollars.

The fact remains, more books are being bought than ever before, and some books are achieving sales of a kind quite unprecedented until a few years ago, except in rare instances. This is due largely to the growth of the book clubs. All but one deal with what are in fact reprints of already successful books chosen because their popularity has already been established. The largest of the book clubs has a membership of 150,000.

Allied to this is the change, as it were, in the function of the book, or at any rate of some books. The first use of a book is still no doubt to be read, but many books now have an important incidental use, which is to serve as the raw material for entertainment in other media. Here is a source of profit available beyond anything the publisher knew before the war, the profit from subsidiary rights. Some of these subsidiary rights have been traditionally reserved to the author; on others of more recent origin publishers have been generally successful in claiming a share, sometimes as much as 50 per cent., of the money earned by them. For some years now, following American example, British publishers have been striving to claim, as a matter of justice, a share in all these subsidiary interests. This is, of course, a view vehemently opposed by authors and their agents. Even so, the proceeds for the publisher from these subsidiary rights—they include first serial, second serial and syndication, motion picture, dramatic, radio, television, translation, reprint edition through other publishers, digest, abridgment and condensation, anthology and book club—can already be substantial. The sale of a book to a digest magazine will bring in several thousand pounds; and even the serial reading of a book in the BBC *Book at Bedtime* programme may mean the difference between profit and loss on the book chosen.

The danger implicit in these developments is plain. They could lead to "jackpot publishing," to excessive concentration on the search for the widely popular book the subsidiary rights of which are automatically valuable, even to the deliberate manufacture of books amenable to translation into mass-communication media. All this at the expense of the small-selling book whose popularity can never be great but whose importance as literature or in the realm of ideas may be out of all proportion to the number of its readers. Bound up with the present crisis in publishing is the fate not only of the independent publisher but of the "minority" book.

The Output of Books

In 1956, for the first time since 1950, when the pre-war record year of 1937 was surpassed, there was a fall in the total of individual books published, and the fall was substantial. In 1955, 19,962 titles appeared; in 1956, 19,107. The news was greeted with a cry of relief from all sides, since for years it has been generally agreed that the British book trade was suffering from over-production. The decrease was fairly evenly spread over most classes of book, fiction, still the largest class with 3,443 titles, suffering the biggest loss, 259 fewer than in 1955, though the number of individual novels published has been steadily going down throughout the post-war years. What is disquieting is that the number of books in the category of poetry and drama has been cut by almost a fifth; it has gone down from 658 titles in 1955 to 521 in 1956. This, taken with the significant decreases that have occurred in the categories of art and architecture and of sociology, suggests that the reductions may be taking place at the expense of works of minority appeal.

WALTER ALLEN

Twenty-five Years of Publishing

WHEN I started publishing 25 years ago I was warned of the grave risks I ran. Long experience and at least £15,000 capital would be required; a loss for the first three years was unavoidable; the mortality rate was high. "Advice to those about to publish—don't." Anyone re-drafting this today would probably be content with the marginal amendments "For £15,000 read £50,000. For three years read seven." Yet hope springs eternal in the would-be publisher, and thank God for it. Young blood is required, even though it is sometimes shed.

How have the scene and prospects changed for the budding publisher in the past quarter of a century? On the credit side should be noted the greatly increased demand for all books. English is more widely used as an international language; organisations such as the British Council and the National Book League promote interest in books at home and abroad; educational and technical books are in greater use as a result of the raising of the school leaving age and educational grants; public and commercial libraries are patronised more; and sales overseas are larger than they have ever been.

Against this must be set the enormous rise in costs. In the Thirties, it was possible to print economically as few as 1,000 copies of a book, whereas today the minimum ranges from 3,000 to 5,000. An example from our own experience is provided by our first publication, an illustrated book of 356 pages which continues to sell today. The first edition was lavishly produced, in large demy size, with 16 illustrations reproduced in gravure, and real gold lettering on the spine and front cover. The bulk was an inch and three-quarters. The cost of an edition of 2,000 copies was 3s. 4d. per copy, a high price for those days. Today a standard edition of this book (produced in ordinary demy size, printed on paper bulking only one inch, with half-tone illustrations and gilt lettering on the spine only) would cost 8s. 7d. Such figures and higher overhead expenses are responsible for capital requirements being at least three times greater than in the Thirties, and opportunities of building up any reserve out of profits are reduced virtually to nothing by high taxation.

The need for ever-increasing capital is the greatest handicap of the small publisher nowadays, and the newcomer, unless he can command further capital when needed, is hardly likely to survive the crucial first seven years; for it takes a new publisher, without more than average luck or cunning, at least seven years to accumulate the nucleus of a stock list. The future may therefore see more and more small publishers being forced out of business or absorbed by larger firms. Such absorptions are not necessarily to be regretted so long as the small publisher is allowed to pursue his own policy in the choice of books and to publish them under his own imprint, for the main advantage of amalgamation is economy in routine and distribution costs. Small publishers could do much to prevent absorption by co-operating more amongst themselves over such matters as warehousing and distribution, accounting and production. In this way they would remain independent and be in a much better position to resist the temptation to cover their ever higher costs and overheads by increasing their output without regard to quality.

Greatly expanding turnover and apparent prosperity make publishing an attractive field for investment in the City sense, and there is a real

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danger of the financier with no interest in books except as marketable goods obtaining control of established houses and, unless strongly resisted by the editorial directors, insisting on always greater profits which will sooner or later result in lack of discrimination and poor quality. Already there is cut-throat competition for the best-seller. Concentration on the best-seller to the exclusion of the scholarly and specialised book is most damaging to literature.

After these generalisations, with which my colleagues will be only too familiar whether they are in agreement or not, I turn to other changes of the past 25 years. In 1931, although one or two publishers had experimented in paper-bound editions, they had been unsuccessful. A few years later Penguins revolutionised the position, in spite of initial opposition. Now, every important bookseller has special shelves filled to capacity with "paper-backs"; and publishers have long since decided that, far from harming, they help the more expensive editions and do a real service to the public.

The publisher of today should be thankful that newsprint shortage has led to rationing of advertising space. In the early Thirties when unlimited space was available, the selective publisher was sickened by the bigger and blacker ballyhooing to which some publishers resorted in an attempt to persuade the public that all their products were masterpieces.

Despite the enormous growth in sales of books of all categories in recent years the expenditure on books per head of the population, though many times greater than in the Thirties, is still considerably less than £1 per annum. Clearly there is unlimited scope for expansion and all campaigns and organisations designed to encourage the use of books must have the whole-hearted support of every section of the trade. A healthy retail trade is indispensable, and although publishers are doing much to ensure this by providing free carriage facilities and improved terms, the real answer lies in stimulation of interest and demand and better service to the public.

HAMISH HAMILTON

An Interview with A. S. Frere

Allen: Mr. Frere, you are chairman and managing director of Heinemann Holdings, which controls William Heinemann, World's Work and the Naldrett Press. Associated with Heinemann are Peter Davies, Secker & Warburg and Rupert Hart-Davis, the last two being comparatively recent members of your organisation. Because of their great reputations, when they entered into association with you there was naturally much comment, speculation and headshaking. People began to talk about the "Heinemann empire."

Frere: Empire, imperialist—they're abusive words, and in this context I think they're nonsense. And if the word empire, where Heinemann is concerned, is meant to suggest that we've somehow changed the nature and function of publishing, then I resent it. Whatever change may have resulted from this association of publishing houses is purely mechanical.

Allen: The nature and function of publishing: could you enlarge on that?

Frere: Publishing is a highly individual business and a highly personal one. That's why it's so difficult to generalise about publishing—all good publishers are different. A publisher's tools are his judgment and his taste, which have to be individual and personal if they're to be any good at all. He works very largely in the field of the subjective; quite literally, when he chooses and publishes one specific book out of all the manuscripts that come into him, he's backing his fancy. Then his relation with his authors is a personal one. It can't help but be; for he has to find them, nurse them, cherish them, and not lose them. He hasn't only to sell their books. He's got to provide them with an atmosphere in which they can flourish as creative people and which is right for them as the kind of authors they are.

Allen: But that suggests, doesn't it, that from the very nature of publishing a publishing firm should be small?

Frere: Not quite. What it does mean is that there's a limit, which is pretty soon reached, to the number of authors any one publisher can handle. But that's no argument against a number of publishers combining on the purely business side in the interests of greater efficiency in marketing or in order to keep down overhead costs. That's how we've always functioned at Heinemann. My colleagues and assistants, as well as myself—each of us has, as it were, his own list of authors, and I let them have their head.

Allen: So when Peter Davies or Secker & Warburg or Hart-Davis come into association with Heinemann you'd say it was simply an extension of existing practice? After all, Hart-Davis and the rest have their own editorial organisations, reading staff and independent policy.

Frere: Indeed they do. And here I'd like to emphasise the importance of the imprint, the specific imprint, to the author. Why does an ambitious young novelist choose one publisher rather than another to send his manuscript to? Not because he knows anything about the abilities of the various publishers to sell books. No; one publisher out of them all represents for him the best, and the firm in question does so because it publishes what seem to the young man the best novelists and the most exciting novels of his time. He wants to appear in the company of his equals and those he aspires to equal. It's a question of standards, in other words; and I believe that today the bigger publisher is in a better position to maintain standards, the standard of his imprint, than the smaller one is.

Allen: Why should that be so?

Frere: It's a matter of the financial situation of the small publisher today. The big publisher is in a better position to maintain standards, to resist the temptation to lower them, because he doesn't, economically, have to live from hand to mouth. Take the publisher with a small list, who suddenly has a chance to publish a book he dislikes and believes to be bad but he knows will sell in quantity. It won't do his imprint any good, but if he wants to stay in business the decision to publish it may be forced on him, by brute economic facts.

Allen: You're saying the bigger publisher has greater freedom of choice in what he may or may not publish because he's financially more stable.

Frere: Yes. Because the lot of the small publisher becomes increasingly bad people sometimes talk as though the book trade was in a slump. The very opposite is true. There's a rising market. The turnover of the book trade is going up all the time, and it would be surprising if this weren't so. But the problems resulting from a rising market can be every bit as acute as those resulting from depression; and with insufficient capital behind him and production costs and overheads mounting the whole time they're not problems the small publisher can easily overcome. In fact—and this is true of all business, not publishing alone—a rising market drives the small

man out. Publishing was once a gentlemanly business: those days have gone for good.

Allen: The analogy was always between the publisher and the wine merchant, wasn't it?

Frere: I believe it was; and if the population of England suddenly stopped drinking beer and took to Burgundy instead, you'd see a remarkable change in the organisation of vintners' businesses. The old-fashioned publisher was often a wonderfully good publisher; but if we are going to keep the virtues of the kind of publishing he went in for, the virtues of discrimination, concern for standards, the feeling that a book is not just a mere commodity, we'll only do so by putting the emphasis on the business side of publishing; if you like, the mechanical side. What the small firms now associated with us are benefiting from are the advantages that come from rationalisation and from the efficient machinery of distribution that only a large organisation can provide. Take the latter, for example. The lack of it is one reason why the small publisher is very often unable adequately to exploit the books he does publish. If a really big selling book comes his way he's often in no position to handle it, and the very effort to do so may send him under.

Allen: Too little capital—that's the small publisher's trouble, isn't it?

Frere: Yes. The amount of capital needed for running a successful publishing house is now beyond the resources of most individuals.

Allen: So publishing becomes a field for capital investment on the part of financial houses looking for a return on their money. We hear talk of "the City" entering publishing. This frightens a lot of people. They see the hard-faced business men who've never read a book in their lives invading Bloomsbury, Covent Garden and the environs of Charing Cross and deciding what we shall read. Their values, it's assumed, won't be our values. Does this invasion from the City worry you?

Frere: No. When a bank takes over a farm it doesn't put a bank manager in to run it; it hires a farmer. Banks, insurance companies, investment trusts, finance houses and the rest don't think they can run the businesses they put their money into, and they know better than to try. They rely on professionals. In publishing, that means publishers. And so far as I'm concerned, if and when they come into 99 Great Russell Street they do so on my terms, not theirs.

Allen: There's something else one hears a lot about just now, and that is that what might be called long-term publishing is disappearing. As we know, it takes years for the work of some excellent writers, whose individual books are received enthusiastically by reviewers and who receive the tribute of learned articles, American Ph.D. theses and so on, to reach a wide public. It's sometimes suggested that publishers are no longer willing to take risks, are no longer prepared, for example, to sink money in the work of promising young novelists who show few signs of being immediately popular.

Frere: I'm sure any publisher who doesn't take the long view is being most unwise. The obvious example of the kind of writer you're talking about is D. H. Lawrence. During his lifetime, he couldn't have been more famous; but during his lifetime his books sold only in small numbers. He died, at the age he did—44 wasn't it?—because he'd never been able to afford proper medical care. After his death, we took over the rights of his works: you should see how he sells now. No; publishers must take the long view where authors are concerned; but again I think it's something a big publisher is much more likely to be able to do than a small one.

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CASSELL

On Being Small and Independent

Is it possible, in these days of mass-marketing and mass-production, to succeed as a small, independent publisher, without either growing too big or being taken over by another firm? By "small," I mean one who publishes about 45 books a year. By "independent" I mean free of outside financial control; being one's own master, in fact, deciding what to publish, how and when. The kind of firm I have in mind would also be independent (perhaps regretfully) of financial resources stemming from some altogether different kind of business, commanded by its proprietor or proprietors, and would be of post-war origin.

I have often been tactfully asked how such a small publisher might hope to survive and, less frequently, and with less tact, people have also asked me "Why should he survive?"

Let me deal with the second question first. Although there is no guarantee that a publisher who is free to follow his own line will have a line worth following, it is always a good thing to have some "freelances" about. They are more likely to venture into awkward territory and take chances than are firms sobered by age, size and power.

The small independent publisher (or SIP) can offer real advantages to his authors, both on the editorial side and in sales and promotion. Editorially he can have a closer and more personal relationship with his authors than is usually practicable in a large organisation. This is invaluable in the first stages of establishing an author and essential when an author is not a professional writer, yet has one or two important books in him; a situation which often calls for long, patient and understanding collaboration. When it comes to sales, the SIP, because his list will be a short one, is able to push his authors with vigour and concentration in a way that a larger firm, whose energies and resources must be dispersed over a wider field, cannot do. Again, it is easier for a small firm to give its imprint a "personality," than it is for a large one. When editorial policy is concentrated in the hands of a small like-minded group, this inevitably gives the list a distinctive pattern of its own. On the personality of the imprint depends, to a surprising degree, the reviewers' attention, as well as the confidence of the booksellers.

In addition the SIP contributes to the health of the book trade because, for simple economic reasons, he cannot over-produce. Over-production, which is the curse of the trade, does not mean that too many books are published; it means that too many *unsaleable* books are published. The successful SIP must only publish books which justify their existence, either financially or as literature; if they do both, so much the better. "Safety in numbers" is not the answer for the SIP. There, it seems to me, are solid arguments in favour of the SIP—even allowing that most SIPs want to remain so for no better reason than that it is an enormously satisfying thing to be.

It is slightly damping to turn from the "why" to the "how." If the SIP is to be a success, to be approved both by the literary critics and his bank, he must be prepared to adopt a pretty austere regime. Given that he has that mysterious quality known as flair (good readers, plus a sense of timing? Luck, plus energy? The ability to put ideas into action?) he will succeed, but only if he is stern with himself and his colleagues.

First, he must be stern in his choice of books. "No publisher has ever lost money on a book he didn't publish"—this old truism should be constantly in his mind. Against it he must balance the fact that no publisher is worth his salt unless he takes risks, and then spends sleepless nights over every decision. The most well-disciplined publisher makes mistakes now and again, but the SIP has to remember all the time that his margin of error is narrow and should be reserved for strong "hunches," not frittered away by being soft-hearted—or soft-headed.

He must be stern in the economic management of his business, down to the smallest detail (such as having a low-powered light-bulb in the lavatory—*and* remembering to switch it off). He must watch postage, stationery, packing materials, heating. He must drive his advertising manager to distraction with injunctions to give eight books a good showing in a four-inch single column. (Advertising is a death trap: what pleasanter than the half-page or full column, delighting your author and flattering yourself?)

He must be stern over the costing of every book, often frustrating his typographer's longing for decorated end-papers and ornamented chapter openings, and must never find himself in the position of having to market a book at an uneconomic price. Even books which he knows will bring in no financial reward, such as those published to encourage a new writer, or to give a certain slant to the list, must be absolutely accurate in their costing. He must be stern, very stern, with his suppliers (except, of course, his authors), for, assuming that he is the kind of SIP who pays his paper-makers, printers, binders, and so on, it is he and he alone who has to take the financial risks involved.

He must be stern about the size of the staff. When a best-seller comes along he must resist the temptation to take on more packers and an extra invoice clerk. Unless the growth of the staff is slow and organic, the firm's days will be numbered. He must be even sterner about directors. Never should he take on to the board people who expect, in return for their investment, a cosy job, gentlemanly hours, good luncheons with literary editors, and a sizeable salary. His directors—they should be as few as possible—must expect to be overworked and underpaid, at least during the early years—say the first ten.

There are, of course, other things involved besides austerity. One is luck; goodwill is another. Goodwill is vastly important, for without the sympathy of the literary agents, critics, booksellers and the reading public, the SIP who has not acquired a steady back-list to support him will certainly fail. But I can no more define how you create goodwill than how you command luck. The handling of subsidiary rights—where no agent is involved—is something every SIP should consider. If he can take on this extra work (and it *is* work, not perks) and do it efficiently, he will certainly increase his chances of survival.

A last and important point is one which, if fully exploited, would make the SIP's existence far easier than it is at present. There should be the maximum co-operation with other publishers of a similar size in all the back-stage operations of the job, such as in sharing salesmen, a warehouse, and accounts and despatch departments. Such groupings, run on "cards-on-the-table" lines—minor book centres, from which the profits flow back to the participants—offer great benefits and more should be done in this way.

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Penguins and Pelicans

It is widely, and wrongly, believed that paper-backed books are published for a "mass market." Even in America this supposition is far from the truth, for although there are American paper-back series which set out to ambush, by each lurid cover, half a million seekers of sensation, there are also in America several paper-back ventures which do not seek, or require, massive sales of each individual volume. In this country none of the paper-back publishers is producing wares for that kind of mass market represented by commercial television, pictorial journalism or the big-circulation daily and Sunday newspapers. This is true of all the ranking British paper-backs—Pan, Corgi, Fontana, White Circle and all the proliferating Penguin family. If I am to give figures I must take them from my own firm. We sell around ten million Penguins, Pelicans and Puffins a year, and the average annual sale of a single title is less than 50,000. That figure in itself disposes of the notion that we are producing for a mass market. There are, indeed, titles which over the years have sold in far bigger quantities than that: Rieu's *Odyssey* is now moving towards a total of 800,000. Coghill's *Chaucer*, Kitto's *The Greeks*, Robert Graves's *Greek Myths* are three of many Penguin titles which provide plenty of jam on the bread-and-butter; Shaw, Wells and D. H. Lawrence have sold by the million. But the basic figure to keep in mind in any consideration of paper-back policy, and paper-back economics, is the average annual sale of 50,000 copies.

Another current fallacy about paper-backs is that they cash-in, at a lower price level, on titles which have been established in public esteem by extensive hard-cover sales. In this there is a good deal of truth—so far as paper-backs are reprints of books already published and, to some extent, familiar. But one of the revealing phenomena about my own firm is that over half the titles it publishes every year are brand-new books

never published in any form except the Penguin paper-back. Our fiction is wholly a reprint operation, but most of the non-fiction titles are new books commissioned for first publication in paper-backs at prices at least one-fifth of what they would cost in hard covers. Yet this significant factor has not led, so far as I can judge, to any antipathy between the conventional publishers and ourselves. There are sound and sufficient reasons for this attitude of live-and-let-live. One is that the paper-backs leave the field of original fiction entirely free to the hard-cover publishers and are content to take as their pickings the cheap rights several years after first publication. Another is that the paper-backs do not secure—or seek—a share in the very substantial sales to the libraries, but are satisfied with getting a share of the sales to individual buyers. Some paper-backs are more modest still in their expectations, for the life they anticipate is no longer than the duration of a railway journey or a plane flight. At Penguins we set our sights higher; we aspire to occupy several shelves in the bookcases of private buyers, whose means do not necessarily need to be modest. When paper-backs began there were certainly publishers who felt, and expressed, the apprehension that cheap reprints of titles from their lists would jeopardise their hard-cover sales. After 21 years of paper-back publishing I can affirm that those apprehensions have diminished, and that most British publishers now regard paper-back sales as a new sector of public demand rather than a cut-price invasion of their traditional territory. What confirms this awareness of separate markets is, I think, the fact that conventional publishers nowadays frequently bid for, and secure, the hard-cover reprint rights of titles which originally appeared as paper-backs.

Twenty-one years is not a great span of time, and yet between 1935 and today a remarkable change seems to have taken place in the reading-preferences of paper-back buyers. In the few years between the birth of Penguins and the outbreak of war our readers were preoccupied with current affairs. During those hectic years in which Hitler and Mussolini were plotting to set the world alight the Penguin Specials, as they were called, achieved phenomenal sales. We published a hundred of those topical pamphlets, often in editions of a quarter of a million, and moved so fast in the operation that no more than six weeks elapsed between signing up, say, Mme Tabouis, and the publication of her sizzling book *Blackmail or War?* We still publish an occasional Penguin Special on some topical issue of world politics, but more as a manifestation of ancestor-worship than as the anticipation of a current demand.

It would be easy to draw wrong conclusions from this decline in the demand for paper-backs on world politics and current affairs. Public interest in these matters is, perhaps, better nourished by other agencies than it was in 1935. Press coverage of current affairs is possibly wider and more enlightened: sound-radio and television may be giving us all we can digest of political analysis and prediction. Whatever the reasons, I can only testify that the declining demand for political Penguins has been accompanied by a vigorous and expanding interest in history, archaeology, philosophy, religion and literature, art and the humanities. I am wary about interpreting this change in the reading preferences of my market, but I do believe that, to some extent, it reveals a passionate nostalgia for those achievements and values which are being imperilled by the active preparations for world suicide.

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a publisher has to face is his ability to keep in print titles of durable quality. Penguin Books manages to keep available about 1,000 of its titles, but only in the face of very harassing logistic conundrums. The serious book-buyer whose custom we seek has, evidently, a limited budget. What we are now doing, in effect, is offering him far more titles than he will buy in his year's expenditure on paper-backs; and the consequence of that prodigality is that where we could formerly afford to print 70,000 or 80,000 copies of a new title we must now trim down to a print of 40,000 or 50,000. That prudent decision, in turn, becomes a determining factor in fixing the economic price of our wares. As we seek to mitigate this pressure towards higher prices by printing enough stock to last several years we must buy more warehouses and more bank accommodation.

All these pressures have been kept under reasonable control so far, but a publisher who set out, only 21 years ago, to provide a popular educator at sixpence per copy is liable to be afflicted with nightmares when the price of his diligent endeavour is multiplied by five or seven. What comforts him, however, is the realisation that his public appears to be conscious of what he is up to. Penguin Books is not a money-spinner for anyone. It has never been able to afford, for example, an advertising budget of the order customary among hard-cover publishers. Less than three per cent. of its expenditure is spent upon announcing the books it has to offer. And yet the book columns of the press never seem to apply any slide-rule calculation in noticing our list. This is one of many reasons why I conclude that the policies which Penguins are seeking to apply have secured a wide measure of sympathy and goodwill.

ALLEN LANE

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COLLINS

Co-existence with Commercialism

BOOKSELLING is more than a means of making a livelihood. The best bookseller is not the one who makes the most money, nor the one who sells the most books, any more than the best architect is necessarily the one who has designed the greatest number of buildings. The role of the bookseller is to produce attractive surroundings in which a first-class selection of the best books of all categories is effectively displayed plus an efficient service which will provide the public with accurate information and obtain to order any titles required, however obscure or uneconomic. The bookseller should also concede the necessity for paying the experienced bookshop assistant a reasonable living wage. At present the average assistant is paid less than a publisher's packer. What is wrong with book-selling today is that the economic framework and conditions under which the bookseller has to work conflict with good bookselling and tend to debase his standards.

The root of the matter lies in the simple fact that it is both cheaper and easier to sell such books as Princess Marie Louise's *My Memories of Six Reigns* and Alistair MacLean's *The Guns of Navarone* which are intended for the popular mass market than books of a more limited appeal such as Harold Acton's *The Bourbons of Naples* and Rostrevor Hamilton's *Guides and Marshals*—to take four titles at random. The discount or amount of profit the bookseller makes on these four titles is identical. Yet the second pair of titles are much harder to sell in their ones and twos than the first couple of titles in their dozens.

It doesn't really take a hard-headed businessman to perceive the way to make money in bookselling. He must plan his shop on self-service principles. He must refuse to open accounts for customers, to take orders for any titles not in stock, and to solve customers' queries, all of which is time-consuming and adds to the wage bill. He must limit himself to the current best-sellers (remembering to drop them immediately he has creamed their initial sales), to well-known authors of established "box-office appeal" and to reliable popular stock lines such as any Home Handyman or Do-It-Yourself series, inexpensive travel guides, dictionaries, Hugo's Language series, Teach Yourself series, some of the more catch-penny type of children's books and annuals, a selection of practical books on knitting, cooking, gardening, bridge-playing and pets, for which there is a steady demand throughout the year; and then top off with two or three hundred assorted Everyman's Library to provide the right "bookish" atmosphere. He must steer clear of poetry, history, literature, philosophy and all that highbrow stuff. If what is known as the "volume of sales" isn't great enough, then bring in the side lines—stationery, fountain pens, Do-It-Yourself kits, stamp albums and records. Add fluorescent strip lighting, green steel or dark-stained mahogany shelving and a patterned rubber tile floor, several "island display" fittings with a dozen copies each of the latest best-sellers stacked face upwards, and you are looking at the bookshop of the future.

What about the minority books, the so-called highbrow ones that are too literary or too scholarly or too unorthodox or too limited in their scope to have any expectation of a mass sale? How will they reach their public if there are no more than a handful of booksellers who are willing to risk their time and money to stock and display them? And what about the publishers' back lists? Trevelyan, Yeats, Ibsen, Jung, Forster, Eliot, Wittgenstein, Berenson—at the moment they are taken for granted in their shelves as they patiently wait until someone should happen to feel like buying them. The hard-headed businessman won't find it worth while to stock them. They lock up far too much capital. And something with live sales appeal will produce a greater turnover for the space they occupy.

These last few years the book trade has been treated to a number of articles and after-dinner lectures on how to sell books like soap. As I see it this presents no difficulties at all, given the capital, some knowledge of mass merchandising techniques and a flair for the job. The real problem is how to swim against the economic tide and continue to publish and sell minority books in an age of mass marketing.

What is the solution then? Present-day trade terms by their failure to discriminate merchandising from bookselling discourage good bookselling and encourage the encroachment of chainstore newsagent-bookselling with its attendant sidelines. I don't suppose that there are now more than 30 really good bookshops in Great Britain: one good bookshop to one and a half million head of population. There ought to be at least 500. But the only way this can be brought about is by altering the economic framework of the book trade within which the bookseller works so that it is as profitable to stock and sell the minority book as it is the popular mass market book.

Probably the solution is for publishers to grant an extra discount to those bookshops which carry a comprehensive stock and maintain a high standard of service, salesmanship, decor and display. This would not only provide an inducement to a higher standard of bookselling but it would make our hard-headed businessman consider whether it would not be more profitable in the long run to plan and organise his shop for the sale of "highbrow" stuff.

ANTHONY GODWIN

Thoughts on Publishers

I HOPE this piece will not be dishonest. While I was in South America, I was turned into a publisher, becoming a director of the re-organised Bodley Head. (Please note I am not a very active director and no manuscripts should be sent to me.) Thirty-five years ago, just down from Cambridge, I became a reader for the Bodley Head, the last that John Lane himself ever had. It is worth remembering that this successful and once very fashionable publisher first arrived in London as a railway clerk from a village in North Devon. This was remarkable in those bad old days, but now, of course, railway clerks are becoming successful fashionable publishers all the time. Anyhow, just as I joined the Bodley Head on my way in, now that I am on my way out, I join it again. But as I have not yet attended a Board Meeting, perhaps I can keep this piece reasonably honest.

Before we take a look at the book trade, let us agree to ignore the statistics, swollen with the vast traffic in things like *Easy Commercial Spanish* and *How to Clean a Motorcycle*. We are not concerned here with the writing, publication, wholesale and retail sale of such stuff. I do not even believe that much of it helps to subsidise the publication of literature. What it chiefly does is to bedevil the statistics and to confuse us.

Considering the genuine book trade, I do not find that the publisher cuts a very sinister figure in it. I think of him as a friend rather than as an enemy. Most of the publishers I know seem

to me, even now in these tough times, to be on the side of good books and good authors. They are anxious to publish what appears to them to be literature. They may not build up lists with the loving care displayed by publishers 50 years ago, may not be able to keep good authors going year after year at a loss as they used to do, but they have not entirely broken with their best traditions. Most of them know that if it is simply money you are after, it is idiotic to be a publisher at all—better to sell sausages or soap. They have a genuine liking for books, and although they may grumble about authors, they are proud to be associated with all but the worst of them.

When I go abroad and meet publishers there, I do not instantly feel that I am in touch with men superior to those I know in London. And this is in sharp contrast to what I feel when I visit bookshops abroad, where they appear to belong to a newer and better civilisation than ours. Even a good bookshop in this country seems to be clinging to what remains of literature like a man hanging on a cliff, whereas the shops abroad, spacious and attractive, nobly stocked and intelligently served, suggest that literature is one of the chief concerns of society. These shops also suggest that there exists all round them a large intelligent reading public, served in its turn by newspapers and periodicals that take writers and writing seriously. There is a further suggestion that even in the official national life of these countries the author has his own place.

(Recently, I was in the South of Chile, among the lakes and volcanoes, when the Chilean national poet, Gabrielle Mistral, was given an official funeral, a thousand miles away, and even down there flags everywhere were being flown at half-mast. If the whole Council of the Society of Authors here dropped dead next week, not a flag would be out at half-mast; and the news, unless we had all been poisoned, would not make the front page.)

When, therefore, I return from abroad, it is not the publishers I regard with dismay. Indeed, I may regard them with a new respect, realising how little encouragement they receive, how shabby the whole environment of the trade seems here, how strange it is that a country like ours, so rich in literary tradition, should make the publication and sale of literature so difficult. (What influence, what malignant spirit, is it that hates good writing and would like to banish it from our society?) There are moments when publishers begin to look like wine merchants in Mecca.

Nevertheless—and at the risk of being banned from that Board before I have ever taken my seat at it—I will venture some criticism of these gallant fellows, imperfect as we all are. They are not without sins of both commission and omission. My respect, warm with admiration, cannot blind me to these faults and failures.

First, I would have them remember, not when they are planning their social life but when they are behind closed doors working out costs, that publishing rests upon the author. No authors, no publishing. And authors, like paper-makers, printers, binders and the rest, are here up to the neck in our inflationary society; the butchers and grocers and tobacconists do not make special rates for authors; and whatever it is that compels the paper-makers, printers, binders, to ask for more is also hard at work on the authors, making them wish they could ask for more too. But all too often, the author, on whom the whole business really rests, is treated as the one soft spot on the budget. If the hard-faced boys want more, then take something away from soft-face, who will never go on strike or refuse to supply his goods and services. This is not well, gentlemen. It is far removed from that feeling about authors which first took you into a publishing house.

Next, in common with other people in the book trade, publishers seem to have made little or no attempt to grapple with the economic changes in our post-war society. Now in many a middle-class home, as we have heard the publishers and booksellers lament, there is no longer the money for buying books. That cannot be helped. But a mile away, down some dingy little street, there are some working-class homes, with three or four wage-earners, where there is plenty of spare money, but none of it is being spent on books. There is, of course, no bookshop anywhere near the street, and the idea of visiting the distant one in the Market Square does not occur to anybody. But by this time the trade might have devised a few notions for getting books into that street, for encouraging some people to buy books who never thought of it before. And I do not merely think that publishers have been at fault here, I *know* they have. When, just over a year ago, I broached this subject on television, most publishers were not even mildly interested.

Again, though I appreciate publishing difficulties due to rising costs, I am absolutely opposed to the new demands being made by publishers for an increasingly larger share of authors' subsidiary rights—*e.g.*, dramatic, film, radio and TV rights, as well as book club and second serial and other literary rights. The argument runs as follows: it costs more and more to publish a book and the publisher may easily lose money on it; if then the author makes money out of these subsidiary rights, the publisher is entitled to a good share of that money, because if it had not been for his capital and enterprise nobody would have heard of the author and his book. Now, in the first place, this is clearly not true of many authors, who do not need publishers to bring them into touch with the theatre, films, radio and TV. And although, for example, a very successful novel may command far more money for one or other of these rights, if it has been so successful the publisher has already recouped himself handsomely, out of his own business, which is where he should make his money. Indeed, one of the chief objections to this sharing of rights, whether in publishing, the theatre, or elsewhere, is that it encourages men to neglect their own business in the hope of making money out of somebody else's.

We are told that more and more small publishing houses are coming under the financial control of the large houses. I see no harm in this so long as the small publisher still has editorial freedom. Indeed, it might help to put an end to the over-production of books. For we have had too many publishers, all anxious to have something that looked like a list. This has resulted in the publication of too many books that nobody really cared about, books hacked out of other books, third-rate biographies, dim travel, tedious reminiscences, lending library fodder, all of them getting in the way of real books, cluttering up catalogues and counters. And any move that reduces this sort of publishing has my support.

A last thought. It seems to me that publishers should entertain far more than they do at present, for I am under the impression that there is nothing like the literary hospitality there was in London before the war, and publishers are better able to provide this hospitality than authors are. It is entirely to their advantage that the authors they publish, especially the newcomers, should meet other authors, and that something like literary society should still exist in London. People concerned with the writing, publication

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and sale of good books, as distinct from war memoirs, flash-in-the-pan adventure yarns and the autobiographies of "TV personalities," should form ranks and then begin to close them. In this country, it seems, the art of writing makes fewer and fewer friends and apparently more and more enemies. Most of the publishers I know are by no means indifferent to this art, and genuinely wish to serve it. Let them then try and rally us moody fellows, dine and wine us out of our mutual mistrust, encourage us to form a few combative alliances before we are all separately hunted down and carted off to old men's homes and mental institutions.

J. B. PRIESTLEY

Conclusion

THE figures quoted by Mr. Hamilton speak for themselves. Without adequate capital—and the amount of capital that may be considered adequate soars year by year—the way of the new publisher must be hard and insecure. Any new rise in production costs, an increase in the rate of discount to booksellers, may be disastrous to him. If he is to survive, the regimen he must follow will be, as Mr. Deutsch shows, Spartan; publishing, as Mr. Frere says, is no longer a gentlemanly business. Yet it is generally agreed that the virtues traditionally ascribed to the small independent publisher must be kept. Mr. Frere himself obviously sees the organisation of which he is head, not in any sense as a monolithic structure, but rather as a group of independent-minded publishers come together for their common convenience; he sees his organisation as a federation, not as an empire. Part of what he is emphasising is the necessity of rationalising overheads and marketing costs. Significantly, he is echoed here both by Mr. Hamilton and by Mr. Deutsch. It seems plain that if they are to survive, the smaller publishers will do so largely in proportion to the extent to which they are prepared to co-operate one with another in the administrative sides of their businesses. Publishing has always been intensely individualistic, and co-operation will not be easily achieved. It may come about the more quickly if survival is the spur.

Mr. Frere obviously has no fear of the financiers who are coming into publishing; Mr. Hamilton has. In point of fact, the amount of capital necessary to float a new publishing firm being what it now is, it would seem that the only possible source of capital for anything like large-scale enterprise has become the City. Whether we like it or not, the City is in publishing and will get further in. It is coming in in two ways: in the shape of the investment trust, which is in a sense passive, in that it finances but does not dictate policy; and in the form of the individual financier who is himself active in the firm he controls. He may be an asset, for the publishing world, like the literary world generally, tends to be inbred.

Sir Allen Lane's article widens the whole scene. The success of Penguins and Pelicans helps to dispel the gloom that assails one as one contemplates what often seem the facts about contemporary taste. Penguin Books, as Sir Allen shows, can find an assured market of 50,000 buyers for what would normally be considered works of minority appeal. In this, of course, Penguin Books is not alone. It is already clear that one of the main features of publishing in 1957, apart from the already established series, is going to be the development of reprinted editions in paperbacks. More and more of the larger firms are announcing their own series, made up of significant titles in their back lists.

Yet great as the achievement of the paperbacks has been, the fact remains that the market is still small. At the Pelican level, it approximates to the size of the Third Programme audience. There is still an enormous gulf between even paperback publishing and mass-readership, and no one has yet attempted to reach that mass-readership as the Americans have through drug-stores and super-markets, which in England would mean pubs and corner-houses. But mass-readership exists. It is there in the membership of the public libraries, which now spend a figure in the region of £3.75m annually on new books.

The small-selling book: Mr. Godwin, of Better Books, Limited, brings us firmly back to that. He shows that the merchandising of books as a whole is now geared to the selling of works in popular demand. The difficulty is to sell the book whose sales can never be initially large. The problem is the publisher's as well as the bookseller's, and here the publisher has not been helped by, for instance, the abolition in recent years by one of the largest commercial circulating libraries of its "On demand" subscription. Mr. Godwin's article asserts the importance of the retailer, the bookseller. On the face of it, all the trends in contemporary publishing are against the minority book. In the past, publishers with a sense of their vocation have used the profits on their popular successes to finance the books they have been proud to publish. The question is whether, in present conditions, the sense of vocation can continue to operate in any except an increasingly limited field.

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STAPLES

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Roosevelt—Warts and All

MUST a great political leader always be a great hypocrite? Was the essential difference between Disraeli and Gladstone that, whereas both were humbugs, Disraeli knew that he was and Gladstone didn't? Or—to put the question in the sociological jargon now modish in the United States—was Roosevelt a "role-taker who perceived and identified with so many norms, loyalties and interests that he could achieve adjustment only by pseudo-integration?"

I have borrowed these words from "A Note on the Study of Political Leadership" appended to the new life of Roosevelt by Professor James Burns*. Fortunately, what precedes its pseudo-scientific claptrap is a biography which deals exclusively, minutely and absorbingly with two questions—how Roosevelt made his career in politics and how he used political power when he had won it. Here at last is a portrait of Roosevelt with all his political warts.

I only wish that British politics could be studied in this candid way. However, we prefer to immortalise our politicians as they themselves would wish to be remembered—in marble, on a plinth. Since nakedness becomes the political personality as little as it does the human body, it is our convention to portray them adorned with the sculptured drapes which the official biographer and the Royal Academician respectively provide. Readers who are shocked by Professor Burns's revelations about Roosevelt's duplicity, faithlessness and unprincipled egotism should remember that—except in such fictional forms as Laurence Housman's *Trimblerigg*—no English political leader has yet been depicted stripped of his statesmanship and in the nude.

Nor is this likely in the future. For, whereas Roosevelt preserved, in the library of Hyde Park, the whole documentation of his political career, including those tell-tale letters to the Tammany Hall bosses and verbatim reports of Cabinet meetings and private conversations, the British politician is careful to cover his tracks. It is only in the autobiographies of his rivals that an occasional anecdote reveals how much has been concealed by that convention which protects British public life from the prying eye of democracy. Mr. Bevan's complaint about the prostituted press, which pries into the affairs of public men, has always puzzled me. In no country is more muck left unraked than here. Of course the British press, not to mention the writers of biography and contemporary history, is prostituted—but in the very different sense that it submits to all the hypocrisies and conventions of British public life. And the conspiracy is so universal and so successful that when Lord Beaverbrook provides a young historian with the material for a sober description of how the politicians of World War I actually behaved to each other, a startled public assumes that it is reading the vapourings of a wicked old man.

One reason for American candour about public life and for British lack of it is the difference between our Constitutions. The freedom and the security which we enjoy in this country depend on a network of make-believes and shadow-play. Shatter the figments—the legend of monarchy, for instance, or the myth of parliamentary control over the executive—and you shatter the real freedom and the real security as well. Our representative institutions are a Heath Robinson contraption of procedural checks and balancing precedents. Half of them are unnecessary or out of use: the other half are "worked" to do anything required of them by the few men who know how far you can go in British public life without a kick-back from the people outside. That is why an account of the real power relations behind the myth—even when it is written by an observer as staid as Bagehot—gives the impression of cynical debunking.

How differently they do things across the Atlantic! There the Constitution really is a Constitution: the checks and balances are not imponderable customs but real institutions. In American politics there is plenty of humbug, but it is universally regarded as a weapon in the struggle for personal power, a struggle which is waged up to—and, if you can get away with it, beyond—the limits drawn by the Constitution. In our traditional cricket match the parties are strong and the best team wins: in the strip poker of American politics, the parties are weak and the best man wins. In England, loyalty—or at least an appearance of loyalty—to colleagues and to party doctrine is the key to success; in America success comes to the man who knows exactly when to jettison a principle or a friendship in order to board a band-wagon.

And that is how success came to Roosevelt. As a young man he decided to accept the silver spoon which he found in his mouth and follow Uncle Teddy into politics—if possible to the White House. He got his foot on the first rung of the ladder by gallantly challenging Tammany Hall and on to the second by coming to terms with it. He accepted politics, including the seamy side, as a way of life, just as he had conformed as a schoolboy to the bullying and immorality of Groton. Politics, he knew, meant getting to the top by making friends and influencing people. The end he aimed at was not the New Deal but supreme power, and the means he employed were those recommended by Machiavelli:

> A prince must imitate the fox and the lion, for the lion cannot protect himself from traps, and the fox cannot defend himself from wolves. One must, therefore, be a fox to recognise traps, and a lion to frighten wolves. Those that wish to be only lions do not understand this. Therefore, a prudent ruler ought not to keep faith when by so doing it would be against his interest, and when the reasons which made him bind himself no longer exist. If men were all good, this precept would not be a good one; but as they are bad, and would not observe their faith with you, so you are not bound to keep faith with them.

Roosevelt's political behaviour was no better and no worse than that of any other successful American leader. Out of the scores of examples quoted by Professor Burns, I select one tiny anecdote. As Assistant Secretary to the Navy in World War I he never got nearer to the front than an official tour of the battle area. Since failure to wear uniform might prejudice his political career, he wrote to Groton, when a World War tablet was being put up in the school chapel, in the following terms: "I believe that my name should go in the first division of those who were 'in the service,' especially as I saw service on the other side, was missed by torpedoes and shells. . . ."

The white-washers of Roosevelt have tried to suggest that polio purified his spirit and dedicated him as the prophet of the New Deal. There is no evidence for this view. His personal ambition was steeled by the triumph of will over physical illness and a useful dimension was added to his vote-winning stature. His pursuit of power was calculated and self-conscious. It is interesting to learn that during his illness he sent 3,000 letters annually to politicians in order to keep his contacts alive. His Governorship of New York State was a step towards the Presidential candidature. Once that candidature had been secured, he outdid Hoover in his demands for economy cuts and, for the sake of the isolationists, disowned one of the few altruistic decisions of his career—his support for Woodrow Wilson and the League. In his speeches during the campaign, hardly a suggestion of pump-priming is to be found, and in the five months of economic crisis which intervened between his election in November and his entry into the White House next March, he turned down every request from President Hoover for his collaboration in dealing with the crisis—clever politics, but hardly the action of a "statesman." Meanwhile he settled accounts with his backers by picking a Cabinet dominated by Conservatives and Southern reactionaries.

"A second-rate intellect but a first-rate temperament" was the judgment passed on him by the aged Justice Holmes a few months after he entered the White House. It was an acute observation. The creator of the New Deal was the intellectual inferior of all our twentieth-century Prime Ministers, with the possible exception of Bonar Law. He had no respect for intellect or for ideas, and the clever men around him were tools to be used and thrown away as their edge was blunted. Even after he became the idol of the American Left and the British public, there was never anything dedicated about his personality: it was that of the prince, not of the prophet.

As should always happen in a healthy democracy, Roosevelt's over-reaching ambition proved his undoing. Triumphantly re-elected for his second term, he first tried to pack the Supreme Court and then to purge the Democratic Party and make it an instrument of his personal power. These were the actions of a man who had come to identify the New Deal with his own personal rule. It was here that American democracy proved its strength. The most powerful politician of the century was successfully cribbed within the confines of the Constitution, and it was not until his country was at war that Roosevelt had another chance to show his capacity for leadership. From his 1937 "quarantine" speech until Pearl Harbour, Roosevelt was too suspect

* *Roosevelt: The Lion and the Fox.* By JAMES MACGREGOR BURNS. *Secker & Warburg.* 45s.

to lead. He could only follow public opinion in its lurchings between aid to Britain and neutrality.

Unfortunately Professor Burns breaks off at this point, and we do not see Roosevelt's performance on the stage of world politics. But his main contention, that Roosevelt "could only achieve adjustment by pseudo-integration," has been magnificently disproved by the story he tells. In truth, no public man of our century had a better integrated personality. There was no clash between the happy warrior and the mean politician, and anyone who talks about a great statesman with feet of clay misses the whole point. The moral strength of Roosevelt was that he could do all the dirty tricks required of a political leader without a twinge of conscience. He felt no sense of sin when he lied and twisted because his personality was perfectly adapted to the American political environment. That is why it is idle to argue whether he was a Conservative who saved capitalism or a Liberal who transformed it. He was a superb leader without any settled convictions, who had his rendezvous with destiny at a moment which happened to require a New Deal. If the distinction between a statesman and a politician is that the former imposes his will and his ideas on his environment while the latter adapts himself to it, Roosevelt was a politician, and his British correlative is not Winston Churchill but Joseph Chamberlain.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

The Dreamer

She dreamed that she was dead,
And through her flesh the rains
Fell sweetly, and her veins
Were roots, while in her head
The twisting words and worms
Expressed her thought in turns.

All night she lay under
The earth, that lightly pressed
Upon her thighs, her breast,
Compelling a surrender
So gentle, so complete,
She wept at the deceit.

And now, when rains do fall
Between her bones, where worms
And roots have come to terms,
And earth lies over all,
She dreams death would not take
Her life, and cannot wake.

JAMES HARRISON

A Hand to Burn

Votes for Women. By ROGER FULFORD. *Faber.* 25s.

It is a strange and chastening sensation to find one's contemporaries and their exploits treated as the raw material of history and examined with the same kindly but amused detachment which this agreeable author has given to the Hanoverian Princes. If he has found the suffragists' behaviour less explicable and at times more deplorable than theirs, and if he is palpably more at home in Carlton House than in the committee-rooms of advanced political movements, his goodwill and sympathy make him an appropriate historian for a movement marked by many follies and errors of judgment.

The whole story covers less than a hundred years, for the demand for a share in political power came late in the struggle for woman's emancipation. So many men had no votes that its absence was hardly felt as a feminist grievance. An apparently hopeful agitation in the Sixties, inspired by John Stuart Mill and Lydia Becker, proved abortive (what a portentously solemn group they were, even for Victorians!) and they failed to convince even feminists that the time was ripe for such a startling challenge to male prerogatives.

By the turn of the century the woman's suffrage movement had reached a complete deadlock. It was growing, but only as a paralysed child sometimes grows, in bulk, but not in capacity for effective action. As early as 1892 over 500 suffrage committees had come forward to amalgamate into the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies (known familiarly as the "Nats" or Constitutionalists); a small but increasing group of women trade unionists and members of Labour Societies were marching along the same road, but on the other side of the street. Unfortunately all the political parties, even the Labour Party, were divided on the issue, and not one of them was prepared to sacrifice useful members for women "who differed only in morals from camp-followers." Nor could agreement be obtained on the degree of enfranchisement desirable; Tory supporters would oppose adult suffrage, Liberals and Socialists saw no purpose in an extension of the franchise merely to propertied voters. The hopeless nature of these frustrations has to be stressed, as they are the true explanation of militancy.

When Mrs. Pankhurst and her family, trained partly in a sombre school of agnostic humanitarianism and partly with the Independent Labour Party, started the Women's Social and Political Union in Manchester in 1903, their innovations showed a political wisdom which unfortunately deserted them later. At last the demand was for "immediate enfranchisement." Speakers were no longer asked whether they believed in giving women votes, but whether they would do their best to get a suitable measure made law. Further, the infant W.S.P.U. extended its propaganda into fields the Constitutionalists had never been able to reach, by open-air meetings (an extraordinarily daring flouting of convention), by seeking invitations to speak at Labour party meetings and every type of working people's organisation. Mr. Fulford does not seem to grasp how large a part straightforward propaganda, informative not rhetorical, played in the activities of the militant societies throughout their career. He writes at times as though militants were always being militant and Constitutionalists were always being patient and persuasive and, more misleadingly still, as though militants were noisy exhibitionists who preferred violence—true graduates of St. Trinian's. Heaven knows that like all revolutionary movements the W.S.P.U. attracted freaks and problem children of all ages, "enthusiasts" in the eighteenth-century sense. But nearly all the leaders had much more pleasant personalities than their deeds would suggest; the rank-and-file were normal mature characters whose hearts had been profoundly stirred by the wrongs (by no means always imaginary) suffered by women under an exclusively male regime. The "Antis" unconsciously helped us by blandly revealing how much a matter of class privilege was the "indirect influence" which they claimed to be an effective substitute for the vote.

Mr. Fulford's account of the swaying fortunes of the new tactics between 1905 and 1914, and of the public and the politicians, is lightened by his usual wit and vitality. He is probably as impartial as it is given to man to be on such a controversial issue. He has of course much material for criticism, but he is generous in praise over points usually overlooked, for example the women's loyalty to each other under grave provocation. From personal work in many by-elections I can endorse his opinion that the "keep the Liberal out" policy had no influence whatever on the polls and increasingly acted as an irritant. One must also agree that the creation of the all-party Conciliation Committee in the House of Commons in 1910, with Brailsford (a name still revered by veterans) as its secretary, marked the summit of direct results from militant action. The callous trickery by which the two Bills they promoted were defeated in the House in 1910 and 1912 led inevitably to a resumption of militancy on a more serious scale, profoundly disturbing to the Union's supporters. Assaults on Cabinet Ministers (whatever they deserved in abstract justice), destruction of the property of innocent persons, and the hideously dangerous use of arson proved not only a crime but a mistake. The hopelessness of securing an honest deal from the Liberal leaders, Asquith, Churchill and Lloyd George, had unfortunately induced that *exalté* state of mind which has led many male revolutionaries, with less temptation to despair than these women, to risk all for a "blood sacrifice."

From 1912 onwards everything began to go wrong with the W.S.P.U.; the inherent defects of a dictatorship became glaring; Christabel issuing orders from Mrs. O. P. Belmont's flat in Paris

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became more and more and out of touch than ever; the Pethick-Lawrences (how well they come out of this story!) and other lesser figures whose sacrifices had been limitless, were compelled to leave; some of the propaganda on sex matters took on a prurient and spitefully "anti-man" aspect. The Constitutionalists continued to show exemplary patience but, with all respect to Mr. Fulford, this quality never stirred any supporters to action. Yet it is still not easy to say what other course was available to the women.

How militancy among women, or in Ulster, would have ended if the Kaiser had not intervened is still anyone's guess. Reluctantly one feels compelled to differ once again from Mr. Fulford in thinking that "the culmination of the struggle for the women's vote was unworthy both of the courage and idealism which had inspired the fight." What happened was that, at the outbreak of war, the leaders of all societies, militant and non-militant, immediately ceased all forms of propaganda and urged their members to work for their country as though they had in fact been enfranchised. This dignified gesture made enfranchisement in the next Suffrage Bill practically inevitable, and it fell to Asquith to make the *amende honourable*. It would be a pity to try to assess too minutely now who was responsible for this "glorious day", as Christabel Pankhurst once called it. Sir Thomas Browne somewhere lists among the most precious citizens in a community those who will "offer a hand to burn for country or friends." Britain was fortunate in having many such in the first years of this century. Was it all worth while? The question does not even arise.

LETITIA FAIRFIELD

Pickings

The Twenties. By JOHN MONTGOMERY. *Allen & Unwin.* 25*s.*

The author has sub-titled this book "an informal history," and in his preface he says that "it is intended to appeal both to readers who do not remember the period and to those who seek a nostalgic reminder." It is, in fact, a kind of lengthened Home Service Scrap Book. I derive the greatest pleasure from the Scrap Book programmes; exactly as Mr. Montgomery suggests, those based on the years before 1920 appeal to my taste for period detail, those based on the years after 1920 permit me an orgy of nostalgia. Mr. Montgomery's book is no less entertaining than these programmes; he is adequately solemn in his reminders of the more serious issues of the time; he knows when detail gives life to the past, what will bring home events to Mr. Everyman, and when Mr. Everyman should be reminded that his part in life is only a fraction of a greater whole; he keeps a little irony up his sleeve to sprinkle on the absurdities, pomposities and vulgarities of the past. It is all first-rate Home Service stuff: unemployment casting its ironic shadow on the pleasures of the Bright Young Things, undertones of Hitler rumbling beneath the platitudes of Ramsay MacDonald and Lord Baldwin, the Crisis undermining the concrete vulgarities of Wembley, the humorous pluck of the strikers offsetting the plucky humour of the volunteer busdrivers of 1926—a little moral wrapped up with every souvenir, except for the chapter on the Royal Family who are approached with due reverence as a moral absolute. Given the tunes of the Scrap Book programmes and the "actual voices" which are always such a surprise it would be delightful; but in a whole book it is impossible not to find this Home Service note trivial and even depressing—the more so when it is intended to be serious.

Mr. Montgomery's survey is chronological, with chapters interspersed on particular topics. The survey of politics is fair, with a warm-hearted inclination to the Radical view; it does not probably pretend to penetrate very deeply, but its surface nature inevitably makes one question its necessity. The specialised chapters vary

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but it is probably a measure that I found those on motoring and sport—subjects on which I am least informed—the most entertaining. Mr. Montgomery has done his best, in fact, from a survey of current newspapers and the few books of memories or essays that deal with the period, but this inevitably leads to a curious emphasis. Dr. Joad, for example, is cited on literature and again on the Wembley Exhibition. On the novels of the Twenties he appears as a critic of their break with Christian tradition, on Wembley he appears as a witness to the self-denying courage of Empire builders. On neither subject is Dr. Joad's the voice one would most wish to hear and the sentiments quoted from him are hardly typical, I would think, of his views in the Twenties. The reason for the inclusions of his remarks is, of course, that *Under the Fifth Rib* is an easily available book. *Antic Hay, Vile Bodies* and *Decline and Fall* are made to serve too hard to inform us of high life and Bohemia. The last book is used in the strangest way to suggest that the League of Nations was criticised for its deficiencies in the Twenties. This is, of course, true, but Paul Pennyfeather's remark, "What an absurd thing the League of Nations seems to be! They seem to make it harder to get about instead of easier", was made when Potts and the League of Nations were putting a spoke in Mrs. Best-Chetwynd's white slave activities. Mr. Montgomery's reliance on printed sources is particularly to be deplored when he is dealing with the more frivolous aspects of the age, for he has often a pleasant sense of the ridiculous. I was delighted to know that the real Squeak during the famous seaside tours bit a mayor on the nose. If he had made more use of conversation with those, for example, who attended the famous Red and White party, or of ex-clients of Ma Meyrick, this part of his book could have been very delightful. As it is, it would have been most appropriate at the Christmas family fireside—a box of crackers, some with jokes, others with reflective mottoes.

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Men Speaking to Men

The Romantic Survival. By JOHN BAYLEY. *Constable.* 18*s.*

The first part of Mr. Bayley's book is a general account of Romantic decline, or dilemma, or agony—or what you will; the second is a group of essays on Yeats, Auden and Dylan Thomas. He argues that the great first-generation Romantics established a new poetic orthodoxy which proved a growing embarrassment to their successors: "the premises on which any romantic poem is written are an acute consciousness of the isolated creating self on the one hand, and of a world unrelated, and possibly uninterested and hostile, on the other. . . ." The poet must reach out from his solitude and appropriate the external world, humanising it and rendering it back, charged with "message", to his readers. Hence the ingestive, transmutative role of the imagination in Romantic theory, and the attempt to assimilate the language of poetry to the language of ordinary speech: "the poet," as Wordsworth insists in the Preface to the *Lyrical Ballads*, "is a man speaking to men." Hence also the paralysing self-consciousness and sense of social responsibility that oppressed later poets. Mr. Bayley remarks that the work of Hart Crane in America and Mayakovsky in Russia illustrates this "romantic dilemma" in its acutest form. Both of them had romantic ambitions on the grand scale ("The task of poetry now," wrote Crane, "is to absorb the machine"), and both of them were frustrated to the point of committing suicide. Others who have been content, like Mr. Auden and Mr. Betjeman, to make a kind of landscape poetry out of the modern scene, have fared much better.

Some of this is familiar ground; but Mr. Bayley's argument is original in its detail, and he writes with charm and real discernment. His remarks about Scott, in support of the view that "alone of the Romantics, Scott was able to make effective use of the Shakespearean tradition," serve as a reminder that there is still no good book on Scott in English, and suggest that Mr. Bayley is the man to write one. He traces, briefly but persuasively, a link between the "dramatic neutrality" of Shakespeare, especially in the histories, and Scott's manner of presenting opposed ideals in his novels.

Prose fiction began to invade the recognised province of poetry because poetry failed to be all-embracing in the way the early Romantics demanded. George Eliot would have written in verse, had she lived fifty years earlier. Mr. Bayley approaches this shrinkage of the field of poetry by observing the discrepancy between the prose voice and the poetic voice of individual Victorians. He instances Tennyson and Arnold, pointing the contrast between the languid irony of Arnold's prose (that's the way to deal with Philistines) and the unashamed *vox humana* of his poetry, high-serious and glum. Poetry is becoming marginal. An open divorce from the world is only just round the corner, either through reduction to the status of "ravishing nonsense" (Housman) or through Mr. Auden's Kierkegaardian insistence that art must not be confused.

> With anything really important
> Like feeding strays or looking pleased when caught
> By a bore or a hideola.

The Auden essay concentrates on this gulf between existence—the serious business of decisions and decent behaviour—and the æsthetic game of "playing God with words." With Yeats, the interest is mainly in the doctrine of the Mask—also, as Yeats admits, "a game like that of a child," but a game in which "one loses the infinite pain of self-realisation." Dylan Thomas proves a tough proposition. "We do not need to ask what this poem is *about*. It means what it says . . ." is Mr. Bayley's comment on *Twenty-four Years*. And he surrenders the job of evaluation to future ages, perhaps a little tamely, when he says that comparison of Thomas with Wordsworth and Coleridge "would obviously, at this stage, be ridiculously premature." One feels he might have said simply "would be ridiculous," and then have gone on to give his reasons.

The connection between these essays and the first part of the book is often tenuous, and I take it as a sign of critical flair that this is so: worthwhile discussion often begins at the point where generalisations break down. The Romantic revival was itself a Classical revival, and if the Victorians were declamatory, Marlowe was more so than any of them; if they were egotistical, they never pushed egotism further than Webster did. (But of course Marlowe and Webster were Romantics.) Nor was there any theory of Imagination common to the early Romantics in England, whatever the textbooks may say. Wordsworth and Coleridge went on for years misunderstanding and misrepresenting each other, until in the end they agreed to differ.

JOHN JONES

Discriminations

Georgian Grace. By JOHN GLOAG. *Black.* 70*s.*

James Wyatt. By ANTONY DALE. *Blackwell.* 30*s.*

English Country Houses (Mid-Georgian, 1760–1800). *Country Life.* 6 *gns.*

Mr. John Gloag is one of the stalwarts who still write about the 18th century because it is such fun—a holiday world only a score of decades from our own but gorgeously different: a world to explore, to goggle at, to laugh with and gratefully to applaud. *Georgian Grace* is a rambling guide to the objects with which this world is furnished—the buildings, the chairs, beds and night-tables, the hair-dos, the chimney-pieces and grates, the carriages and sedan-chairs, the headstones and monuments. In both the literary and pictorial senses it is a book of illustrations. Poems, plays, novels, newspapers have been ransacked for the text; paintings, drawings and engravings for the pictures. Mr. Gloag enjoys it all enormously and is at his happiest staring into the telephoto depths of a Kip engraving or inventorying the objects in a Hogarth background. It is impossible not to share the sense of wonder which pervades this emphatically non-academic survey of the Georgian scene.

Mr. Antony Dale's monograph on Wyatt is a different thing altogether. It began life as a B.Litt. thesis, first appeared as a book in 1936 and has now been re-written to incorporate many more facts. The rather pedestrian arrangement of the original has been retained, its disadvantages seeming to the author "no greater than those of any other," and this laconic apology is probably justified. Wyatt is biographically disappointing. Not all the glitter of the Pantheon lamps and the flaring torches of Fonthill can dramatise him into anything but an exceedingly tiresome and even rather stupid person, unfairly gifted with extraordinary architectural skill. A spoilt genius from the first, his cocksureness was unspeakable. "There is no good modern architecture in Rome," Farington quotes him as saying; "that of Michael Angelo is very bad." So much for St. Peter's. The Adam brothers had no false modesty, but Wyatt had no modesty at all and even affected to despise the Adams from whom his own style so largely derived. Fabulous idleness, fabulous rudeness, fabulous conceit, are perhaps amusing up to a point; but once that point is passed Wyatt becomes a bore who is only tolerable at the drawing board.

So Mr. Dale has been wise in concentrating on the buildings themselves—and he lists no fewer than 175. Many of these are identified and dated for the first time and Mr. Dale earns the gratitude of those whose business it is to secure the preservation, necessarily selective, of our heritage from the English masters. The illustrations are good, but one would have liked more plans and also perhaps an inquiry into the factors which differentiate Wyatt's classical style from that of the Adams.

On this latter point, Mr. Christopher Hussey gives us the opportunity to speculate through the medium of the superb illustrations of Wyatt's Heveningham interiors included among 500 others in his new volume in the English Country Houses series. The dining-room at Heveningham (before 1784) owes most of its themes to Robert Adam's music room at 20 Portman Square (1773), but it could never be mistaken for Adam. It is a question of surface. In the Adam room the normal wall-face is never felt as a constituent of the design: everything that matters is in the decoration itself, which controls the room. At Heveningham, on the other hand, the normal wall-face is acutely felt; the play of relief and recession only accentuates its rigidy. Mr. Hussey tells us that the contemporary verdict on Wyatt was that "he employed the antique with more judgment" than Adam, but that is simply a comment on what connoisseurs of the seventeen-eighties were considering to be the true flavour of the antique: it was beginning to have something to do not only with profiles and proportions but with clear-cut planes and volumes.

Turning the pages of Mr. Hussey's book, filled with the very cream of the architectural arts of 1760-1800, one reflects on Mr. Gloag's all-in survey and doubts the appropriateness of his title. Georgian *grace*? Well, sometimes, yes. But how they discriminated! And do we, perhaps, pay too little attention to that faculty, tending to praise them too indiscriminately ourselves?

JOHN SUMMERSON

Enormous Amateur

Onward Christian Soldier. By W. E. PURCELL. *Longmans.* 21*s.*

Mr. Purcell is right in saying he is on to a richly interesting life in this biography of Sabine Baring-Gould. For forty-three years squire and parson of his own estate, he was a vulgariser of genius in half a dozen subjects, who wrote 150 books and three immensely popular hymns. He was born in 1834 into one of those families of lesser gentry that still thrive. (Mr. Purcell believes they are as dead as dog-carts.) Perhaps he suffered from being too consciously a gentleman and in the end did nothing properly except be a squire. Delicate in youth, he had little formal education, but he saw "imps or dwarfs" near Montpellier, conceived untaught a dislike for Protestantism and somehow went up to Clare College, Cambridge. We are not told what he read. He received there a vocation to a holy life, which his father resisted. He was the eldest son and therefore the wrong one for the family living. Was this serious quarrel with his father a key to a nature that rejected present authority but sought it intensely in the past? As a schoolmaster at Hurstpierpoint he was influenced by the persecuted Anglo-Catholic translator of hymns, John Mason Neale. Convinced quite simply that the Reformation was a mistake and that the Church of England was the chief branch of the Catholic Church, Baring-Gould was ordained a priest to the industrial village of Horbury Brig.

Perhaps he did his best work here, where Yorkshiremen were not interested in the gentry but were quick to take to an eager young priest. He fell violently in love with a sixteen-year-old mill girl—he tells us about it in *Through Flood and Flame*—sent her away for two years to be trained as a lady, and married her. Then followed two parishes where, I believe, he was unsuccessful. However, he was not so desperately got down as some of the clergymen he depicts in his novels, for he left a decent interval before appointing himself to his own living at Lew Trenchard in West Devon, and taking up the Lordship of the Manor which came to him as the eldest son.

He was here till he died in 1924. There must be many people who remember him very well, so it is sad not to be able to see him more definitely

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The six lectures which make up this volume were delivered by Mr. E. H. Carr in the Third programme of the B.B.C. in May and June 1951: they are reproduced here without substantial change. *A Reprint.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

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than in a conventional picture of the deeply respected squire, the parson so much loved that his people flocked to his sermons. Every detail, religious, economic, social, would be fascinating. What were the services like of this Tractarian of the second generation? It is simply not enough to be told that "by modern standards of the High Church he would be judged comparatively Low." He never received any ecclesiastical honour. Was he frowned on for pieties forbidden in the Prayer Book, for invoking the saints or praying for the dead? My father, who was a contemporary bishop, disapproved of Baring-Gould, but this was probably for his debasing patristic hymns. Each of the three famous ones—*Onward Christian soldiers, On the Resurrection morning, Now the day is over*—is a Light Programme version, with vivid additions, of an ancient original. Why did he write so many books? Standing six hours a day at his desk he poured out thirty novels (*Mehalah* deserves to be kept in print) and 120 other books of hagiography, theology, history, topography, archaeology, folk-song—it was he who sent *Widdecombe Fair* roystering out into the world. Did he acquire the habit in poverty and continue it for fame? A bundle of proofs was perhaps the last mortal thing that gave him pleasure. Or did he always need money? He had a taste for building in the Rhenish-Elizabethan style and for landscape gardening. What was his income and where did he educate his fifteen children? Mr. Purcell tells us only that they were wild and handsome and that their father sometimes failed to recognise them. Why was it that a man so deeply attached to his forbears spent his old age alone with the servants in a house that should have been the happiest place for grandchildren in the world?

Mr. Betjeman, who contributes a foreword, sees Baring-Gould as a man who did what he wanted where he wanted "with loving enjoyment." Since a photograph shows him at 28 looking absurdly like Mr. Betjeman at the same age, this may be a correct intuition. J. M. Barrie was surprised at an apparent contempt for the poor—they are often presented in the novels as insensitive clowns. This was surely a squire's joke, not so much contempt as observations of insensitivity recollected with tranquil pleasure. There is a charming letter from Baring-Gould asking his Churchwarden to speak up for him at the Last Judgement. He was a taciturn man who wrote two volumes of memoirs which exclude himself. He would puzzle any biographer. But Mr. Purcell has left too many questions unasked.

ANDREW WORDSWORTH

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The Obscure Way. By BERNARD MARTIN. *Heinemann.* 18*s.*

An Easy Victim. By LUCIEN FARAGO. *Cape.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

The Cry of the Kite. By MAARTEN SCHIEMER. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 15*s.*

The Scapegoat. By DAPHNE DU MAURIER. *Gollancz.* 15*s.*

Outbreak of Love is the first I have read of Mr. Boyd's chronicles of Edwardian Australia. I find it most sympathetic, also rather startling, for my previous acquaintance with the social life of Melbourne during this period is derived, I discover, from the racing stories of Nat Gould. I was not prepared for quite so much sophistication and culture.

The principal situation in this volume, which takes the Anglo-Australian Layton family up to the eve of 1914 and just beyond, is the marriage of Diana to the innocently feckless musician Wolfie von Flugel. A crisis is precipitated—although they have been married for twenty-three years—when Wolfie's mistress, Mrs. Montaubyn, a vast blowsy blonde who excites nostalgic Teutonic yearnings, gets drunk and makes a scene at a ball at Government House. Diana herself is on the verge of going off with Russell Lockwood, a childhood's friend just returned from Europe, with the glamour of the northern hemisphere fresh upon him. But the war changes everything. Poor German Wolfie is spat at by his mistress and Diana refuses to leave him. There is also an idyllic love affair among the younger generation, but the principal interest in the book lies in its presentation of a bygone society. Mr. Boyd writes very well indeed; he has a quiet reflective manner that is just right for period re-creation. He has some of that pristine freshness of the amateur. Indeed, he pays so little attention to the conventions of story-telling that he uses a first person narrator, Diana's nephew, and discards him at will in favour of the God's eye view or recording angel method.

Mr. Bernard Martin's *The Obscure Way* is another period piece, but a rather more recent one. It is an avowedly didactic biographical novel written to illustrate the maxim that honesty is the best policy. Basil Fanshaw, son of a vicar and himself intended for the Church, comes back from the first world war and finds he has lost his vocation. He is also tormented by the thought that he didn't really earn his Military Cross. He goes into a paint-manufacturing business, marries his boss's selfish daughter, meets a few poets and pacifists, finds he is mixed up in some financial skullduggery. It is a bit like a later Galsworthy, but much more artless. There is plenty of expertise about paint manufacture and unscrupulous patent agents. Its reconstruction of the early Twenties, when ex-officers were always being ruined by flooded chicken farms, is a useful contribution. It has the merit, like so many novels about this period, of being curiously easy to read.

There is so much switching about and flashing back in *An Easy Victim* that I nearly lost patience with it. Georg Garba, a clerk in a Paris printing works, is pulled in by the police, told he is an enemy of France and threatened with deportation to the Iron Curtain country from which he is both a lapsed citizen and a lapsed Communist. In the process of interrogation his past history, and his very complicated connections with the Resistance, are revealed in jig-saw puzzle style. Confronted, finally, with his past mistress, Gabriella, who has been his principal denouncer, he turns the tables on her. With just a little more directness in the narration this might have been a really exciting political thriller at a reasonably high level of intelligence. As it is, the characterisation is not quite strong enough in proportion to the effort the reader is called upon to make.

The Cry of the Kite is worth reading as documentary background to the crack-up of Farouk's regime in Egypt and the rise to power of Nasser. A young South African journalist living in Cairo wins the confidence of the Free Officers' Movement. He is also engaged to the daughter of a Coptic garage man. The two sides of his life, the amorous and the conspiratorial, are rather haphazardly related, but the background of Cairene squalor and corruption and inertia of the Pasharate is absolutely the real thing. The end comes with the burning of Shepheard's Hotel, by which time you will have learnt something.

Impersonation has always been a favourite device with popular novelists, but to make it even remotely plausible some ingenious manipulation is needed, especially at the beginning. In *The Scapegoat* Miss du Maurier dispenses with this altogether. Her sad English hero bumps into his double, Comte Jean de Gué, in the town of Le Mans, and flops weakly into impersonating him. The family situation in which he finds himself is one of immense complexity, a tangle of ambivalent emotions and drug-addiction. Miss du Maurier must have put any amount of work into this. There is some quite clever characterisation, copious verisimilitudinous detail of French family life, and plenty of suspense. But it was all undermined, for me, by the total inconceivability of the Englishman (even though he is bilingual) taking the place of his French double, of whom, in character, he is almost the exact opposite, and being instantly accepted.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

Coloured Britons

They Seek a Living. By JOYCE EGGINTON. *Hutchinson.* 16*s.*

How many of them there are no one quite knows, these immigrant West Indians, living in Brixton and Paddington and in the sleazier suburbs of provincial cities and discovering life in the Big White Motherland. Even if Poles—100,000—outnumber them, clearly their impact is greater both because they come as British citizens and because they are coloured: their presence touches the social and political conscience with a disturbing frequency. But the great merit of Miss Egginton's study is that one doesn't have to approach it in a spirit of social duty. She combines a sociologist's seriousness with a journalist's readability and tells the fascinating tale well.

Mostly and inevitably it is a sad story. The English industrial climate is scarcely a home from home for these genial, gay people, used to warmth, indifferent to time, accustomed to a more relaxed morality and devout society and usually they are lost and sick for the sun before the battle has properly started. Soon they learn that the propagandists of The British Way and Purpose are not quite on the ball: Brixton is not Buckingham Palace; some members of the Commonwealth are more equal than others. These aphorisms, for all their simplicity, are painful to learn.

Not that the situation is altogether dismal; nor even that the West Indians are altogether blameless. For most, the worst we can do is better than the West Indies can manage; gaiety often breaks through: the spirit of adventure and exploration can shine bright even when you're seven in a room in a Brixton back-street. That, of course, excuses nothing. Some West Indians are social

misfits; others exploit compatriots as shamelessly as any English landlord. They may see colour prejudice where none exists. Occasionally the more articulate are a little unfair to England, comparing it unfavourably with the U.S.A. I have heard them maintain, flourishing American magazines in evidence, that a coloured man has a better chance in McCarran-land. Whether he has I don't know. Certainly there is little prospect in this country of the skilled articulate man gaining substantial promotion in industry. This is the true measure of the immigrant's acceptance in this country. One of its causes or effects, whichever way you care to look at it, is that the West Indian will always be housed in working-class districts, which permits the middle classes, living the other side of town, to put colour prejudice down to proletarian xenophobia and dim, sexual fears, which is too easy a let-out.

Miss Egginton, who knows the West Indies as well as West Indians here, is a moderate and sensible observer. She tones down both the gaiety and bitterness of the immigrants—the reported speech has an improbable formality—but, this may not be a bad thing if it helps to persuade as many people as possible that more attention should be paid to the "problem" of this growing population of coloured British citizens living in a country they, if not all its natives, regard as their own.

W. JOHN MORGAN

Germany's Burgess

The Putlitz Dossier. By WOLFGANG ZU PUTLITZ. *Wingate.* 16*s.*

These memoirs make excellent light reading; I doubt if they deserve the title of dossier. Putlitz kept no diaries or letters and, with few exceptions, the men who figure in the incidents he describes are dead. To enjoy his narrative a certain willing suspension of disbelief is necessary. Putlitz was one of the good-time boys who flourished in the Munich years and came to grief during the war. His father was a Junker landowner of the old school who naturally expected his eldest son to stay at home and look after the estates. But Putlitz had already had his fill of Prussian tedium in a cavalry regiment ("I had seen enough of those arrogant, sabre-rattling bores with their slashed faces"), and he was anxious to get out into the wide, sleek world of the Hotel Bristol bar:

"Tell me, Tubby, who are those two?" I asked.

"The one on Fern's right is Prince Philip of Hesse, a nephew of the Kaiser. The fat one on his left is a commoner in some infantry regiment. I think his name is Hermann Goering."

Putlitz was charming and witty; he soon made his way into the inner circle of the great bankers and industrialists who were stage-managing Germany's come-back: Hugo Stinnes ("I think you've taken his fancy"), Walter Rathenau, Loucheur, Norman, Raumer ("From the very beginning I was treated like a son"). One of his new friends got him a job in a Hamburg merchant-house ("It was not long before I found myself being invited to the houses of all the leading families"), but little Putlitz found commerce dull and sordid. He hated, he tells us, to see the wicked financiers speculating against the German Mark, and longed to tell them just what he thought of them, though he never actually got around to doing it. Instead, he became a diplomat.

After a spell in America ("Social life in Washington is strictly pragmatic") Putlitz returned to Germany in time to watch the last days of the Republic from the elegant coffee-room of the Union Club:

"I seem to know that chap with Von Papen," I said to Gottfried.

"Of course you do," he laughed. "Don't you remember those two fellows in tails who used to stand about the corners at the dances here a few years ago—Ribbentrop and Tettelmann?"

Putlitz found the Nazis boorish and absurd. Funk was "a fat, bloated man with a strong East

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Prussian accent," Hitler "a bizarre figure; his white tie was awry, his coat-tails, far too long for his short legs, flapped over his fat posterior. . . . "; Goebbels was "a complete cad," Heydrich "a professional murderer." Putlitz worked with them all, sneering behind their backs, but to their faces behaving, as he says, like a semi-idiot in order not to arouse suspicion. Indeed, he even catered to Ribbentrop's snobbery to preserve his position at the London Embassy. Towards the end of the Thirties, terrified that Nazi policy would end in war, he began to warn his English friends, notably Lord Vansittart, and to slip information to an agent called Paul X, an Englishman described on the book's dust-cover (though not, curiously, in the book itself) as a man "whose name everybody knows."

Eventually, Putlitz's activities were discovered, and the British secret service spirited him to London after an exciting war-time chase ("Vansittart even offered to send a destroyer"). From there, the odyssey continued to Jamaica, to America, and back again to Britain. Putlitz vaguely helped in the war effort, but he always managed to keep within an olive-stone's throw of a glass of champagne and a *foie gras* sandwich. When the war ended, he moved to the British-occupied zone of Germany, hob-nobbing, as usual, with the famous:

> To my surprise, another civilian was already installed in the other berth. He was an inconspicuous little man whom I had overlooked amongst the crowd of brass hats and red tabs on the platform. The military control officials looked over our papers before the train left.
>
> "Well, Mr. Pierrepoint," one of them asked my companion, "where are you going this time?"
>
> "Do you know a place called Belsen?" Mr. Pierrepoint asked with the suspicion of a smile.

Putlitz's final act was to make his submission to the Communist regime in East Germany and return to his home in Prussia, where he remains to this day. His reasons for leaving the West were obscure, and these memoirs do nothing to clarify them. He remains an enigmatic, but also slightly frivolous, figure. Like Guy Burgess, whose parties he often attended, he was a moral and political lightweight, whose heroic gestures in the cause of his ideals never quite ring true, and for whom it is impossible to feel anything more than mild pity. Today, we are told, this one-time aristocrat lives in a working-class flat in East Berlin. Too bad; Burgess has a country *dacha* and can write letters to the *Spectator*. But in one respect, Putlitz was lucky: he at least managed to write his own memoirs, and thus escaped the literary attentions of Mr. Driberg.

PAUL JOHNSON

The lectures by Miss Helen Gardner, comprising *The Limits of Literary Criticism*, reviewed in our last week's issue, were delivered at King's College, Newcastle and not, as stated in our review, in Durham.

The St. Martin's Library is a new series of reprints from Macmillans, whose first titles are: Bradley's *Shakespearean Tragedy* (6s.), the abridged edition of Frazer's *Golden Bough* (2 vols., 6s. each), Osbert Sitwell's two volumes of autobiography, *Left Hand, Right Hand* and *The Scarlet Tree* (5s. each), Hugh Walpole's *Rogue Herries* (5s.), Margaret Mitchell's *Gone with the Wind* (2 vols., 5s. each), Hardy's *Tess of the d'Urbervilles* and *Far from the Madding Crowd* (4s. each), *Three Plays* of O'Casey and Charles Morgan's *Portrait in a Mirror* (3s. each). Other new editions include: Julian Huxley's *Religion without Revelation*, considerably revised, (Max Parrish, 21s.), R. H. Wilenski's *Modern Movement in Art* (Faber, 36s.), Eric Partridge's *Usage and Abusage* (Hamish Hamilton, 21s.), John Gerard's *Autobiography* translated by Philip Caraman (Longmans, 25s.) and Lowes Dickinson's *Greek View of Life* (Methuen, 13s. 6d.).

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BRANCHES AND AGENCIES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY

Week-end Competition

No. 1,415

Set by Maurice Cassel

The pleasures of life have already been well sung. Competitors are invited to submit an extract from a poem glorifying the joys of tee-totalism, non-smoking, chastity, fasting or any other form of asceticism. Limit 12 lines; entries by April 23.

Result of No. 1,412

Set by B. Mount

Competitors are invited to suggest a mnemonic rhyme (limit 12 lines) for use at the beginning and ending of summer time.

Report

Forward April, back September.
Quite easy to remember!

wrote a competitor whose name I forbear to give. The fact that he, and some other entrants, were none too sure of the operation of British Summer Time encourages me to hope that this competition will perform a useful function. A mnemonic rhyme, as well as being accurate, should, of course, be simple and easy to memorise against the time when it is needed. Margot Crosse was one of the many who realised this:

> Steal an hour for Summer: put your clock hands ON.
> But don't forget to pay it BACK when summertime has gone.

A. J. Waldegrave made a promising start:

> Now the nasty winter's gone
> Put your clocks and watches on—

but the rest of his verse was hardly up to this level. Some ingenious competitor tried to pinpoint the actual dates involved, but the complications of the regulations proved a difficult obstacle. A. M. Sayers and L. Nugent made brave attempts of this kind. W. Stewart's Housman parody was amusing, as were Adrienne Gascoigne's "ancient mnemonics" (in two languages).

A first prize of 2 guineas falls to V. P. Harries whose rhyme sticks firmly in the mind. A guinea each to Pibwob, Stanley J. Sharpless and Joyce Johnson; and a special guinea to George Hurren, whose arithmetical rhyme would keep one completely straight—once it had been memorized. The runners-up, in addition to those mentioned above, are Edward Fuller, V. R. Cane, Rhoda Tuck Pook and P. J. McGeeney.

> Clockwise or anti?
> Remember this crack
> Always *spring* forward
> But later *fall* back.
>
> V. P. HARRIES

> The rule for *beginning* is seen at a glance,
> A *begins* "April" and also "Advance";
> The rule for when Summertime *ends* isn't hard,
> R, the *end* of "October," stands, too, for "Retard."
>
> PIBWOB

> The clock-wise know
> Hands clock-wise go
> When Summer-time begins,
> But when it's clear
> That Winter's near
> The hands go widdershins.
>
> STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

> "Forward! be our watchword"
> From one a.m. to two,
> When summertime is due.
> Backward gang (a Scotch word)
> From two a.m. to one
> When summertime is done.
>
> JOYCE JOHNSON

(Clocks are moved forward *one* hour at 2 a.m. on the *third* Sunday of the *fourth* month. They are put back on the *first* Sunday of the *tenth* month).

> One is for the hour you dock;
> Two is 2 a.m.—put on the clock;
> Three is for the Sunday No. 3,
> Four is the month which April will be.
>
> (On Easter Day this plan ignore,
> But change your clocks the week before).
>
> Add one and two and three and four:
> Ten you get and nothing more.
> October is always month No. 10;
> Remove the nought, leave No. 1 then.
> One is for the Sunday No. 1,
> Put clocks back and the job is done.
>
> GEORGE HURREN

City Lights

Upon this Rock

The City is scratching its head a bit over the Budget. On Tuesday afternoon, everything looked fine; on Wednesday morning, the questions began to pop up. Good for business? But there is nothing for industry as a whole. Good electioneering? But the mass of discontented £1,000-£2,000 a year Tory voters will get very little from it. Overseas trade? But the all-important details have to wait on the Finance Bill. Pleased, of course, but slightly puzzled, the City has spent its time abstractedly pushing up the price of greyhound tracks and mining companies.

Mr. Thorneycroft may feel let down by his reception. All his main proposals, after all, are those which the financial pundits have been suggesting for some time: there were no real surprises. But the City has reason on its side. In the first place, though it got something very like what it was expecting, it was not expecting very much. In the second place, though the Chancellor is reasonably optimistic about an expansion in business activity this year, he has done nothing to stimulate it and is aiming at a sizeable budget surplus. There is a growing body of opinion in the City which feels that Chancellors should pay rather more attention to industrial expansion and

rather less to sterling, and which shares the FBI's view that Mr. Thorneycroft is taking risks with the future by failing to restore incentives for investment in private industry.

Finally, the Budget figures were very much better than the unofficial forecasters had dared to predict in public. Expenditure will be down, very much as expected, but the Inland Revenue has promised the Chancellor a delightfully buoyant revenue. Income tax (higher money wages) is going to be up by £116m, profits tax (last year's increase) by £60m, and customs and excise duties (more consumer spending) by £50m. Overall, before making any changes, the Chancellor looked like having a revenue surplus double the size of that achieved last year. By forcing borough treasurers to keep borrowing in the market and inducing the nationalised industries to pay for the greater part of their expansion out of retained profits, he could just about arrive at an overall balance. This makes the £98m of reliefs actually given look niggardly.

* * *

Everyone, however, seems to be in favour of the decisions to recognise overseas trade corporations and set up the Radcliffe Committee to inquire into the efficiency of the monetary machine. The first proposal, roughly speaking, means that British companies operating wholly abroad will have to pay U.K. tax only on that part of their profits remitted here as dividends—their competitive position, that is, will not be worsened by the need to pay higher tax than other people. It is difficult to discuss the idea without knowing the details, but it could clearly have important results—particularly when firms doing part of their business abroad rearrange their affairs to qualify. For the moment, the City is concentrating on the obvious gainers—mining, tea and rubber companies. But there are two bigger possibilities. The first is that large firms will segregate their export interests to qualify for relief—one result of this might be a tendency to retain profits and build up more effective selling organisations. The other is that the concession will make it even more attractive for British firms to set up manufacturing subsidiaries abroad. This could entail an outflow of long-term capital offset only to a minor extent by a return of dividend payments—a level of overseas investment which might not be to the advantage of the economy. One can only wait for the Finance Bill—and hope it includes a provision to prevent the large-scale conversion of income into capital gains.

The inquiry into the monetary machine will obviously be a long-term project. Its main advantage (as in the case of its predecessor) will be to make public what the authorities have been doing behind the scenes, and provide common sense with a rare chance to clear away some traditional dust.

* * *

The easiest way to dodge death duties is to hand over the cash while one is still alive. The trouble is that those with it are usually reluctant to hand over until the last minute, and if they die within five years of the gift, it is taxed as if it were a legacy. Until Tuesday, there was an easy and popular way out of this difficulty. Some time ago, a racehorse was handed over: the donor died within five years, but so did the horse, and the law decided that there was nothing left for the Revenue to tax. The principle was very soon extended by the accountancy profession to maturing bonds. Hand over the cash in this form, preferably as short-dated gilt-edged; within a month or two the bond matures, the gift disappears, and the recipient gets his money securely free of tax. The Revenue has now tumbled to the distinction between gilt-edged and racehorses.

TAURUS

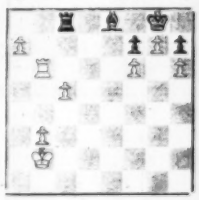
The Chess Board

No. 387. Lasker Said It

And if he did, it behoves us to listen. What then did Lasker say in 1930? He said that White's 15th in the forthcoming game was one of the best moves he had ever seen. And who would blame Gerald Abrahams for being proud of such praise? Here then is the game.

(1) P-Q4	P-Q4	(8) P x P	P x P
(2) P-QB4	P-QB3	(9) Kt-K5	B-Kt2
(3) Kt-QB3	Kt-KB3	(10) P-KR4	P-KR3
(4) Kt-B3	P-KKt3	(11) P-R5	P-KKt4
(5) B-B4	B-Kt2	(12) B x P	P x B
(6) P-K3	0-0	(13) P-R6	B x P
(7) B-Q3	P-QKt3	(14) R x B	K-Kt2

Now here comes the move which, with so much praise from such an exalted source, should rate at least two exclamation marks: (15) P-KB4!!, the sequel being . . . K x R; (16) P x P ch, K x P? (K-Kt2!); (17) Q-B3!, K-R3; (18) Q-B4 ch, K-Kt2; (19) Q-Kt5 ch, K-R1; (20) 0-0-0, resigns.



An equally well-deserved chess book-token goes to Dr. Gyorgy Paros of Budapest, the well-known problemist and a loyal friend of this column. He sends me this interesting position (Sokolsky-Ravinsky, 1938), a probably unique case of a B-promotion necessitated in an actual game. Black played (65) . . . R x P, whereupon White countered (66) P = B!! and won. Obviously P = Q (or R) would have led to stalemate after . . . R-B7 ch; (67) K-R1, R-B8 ch; (68) K-R2, R-R8 ch; (69) K x R. Similarly (66) P = Kt would have led to a draw after . . . R-B1!; (67) R-R6, R x Kt, etc. While the necessity for a R—or Kt—promotion does occur in the practical game from time to time, I had never seen a B-promotion outside the realm of study-composition. I wonder if any reader has ever come across another case of what must be a very rare event indeed.

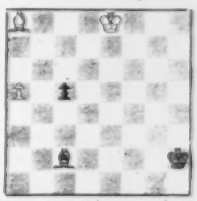
Here, finally, is an interesting position achieved by J. T. Naylor in a skittle. /8/ 6p1/ 4b2p/ 3p1p2/ 2p2PkP/ 4B1P1/ 6K1/ 1B6/. Playing White, Naylor continued (1) B-B2, K-R4; (2) B-R4, B-B2; (3) K-R3. Here (evidently in view of (4) B-Q7, K-B3; (5) B-Q4 ch) Black was loath to retreat his K to Kt3; instead, he blundered by . . . B-K3, thereby tying up his own mating net after (4) B-K8 ch, P-Kt3; (5) B-R4, etc.

A: S. Tartakower 1934

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which White, after the pedestrian R-K6, took another 20 moves to win the game. How could he have forced the win at once? Our problemists will consider **B** a bargain for 6 ladder-points. It is a 3-mover and as "home-made" as it should be in a "Readers' Own" week. **C** (for 7 points) is a classic, and quite a beauty. White to win. Usual prizes. Entries by April 23.

B: D. Love 1957

C: A. A. Troitzky 1925



REPORT on No. 384. Set March 23

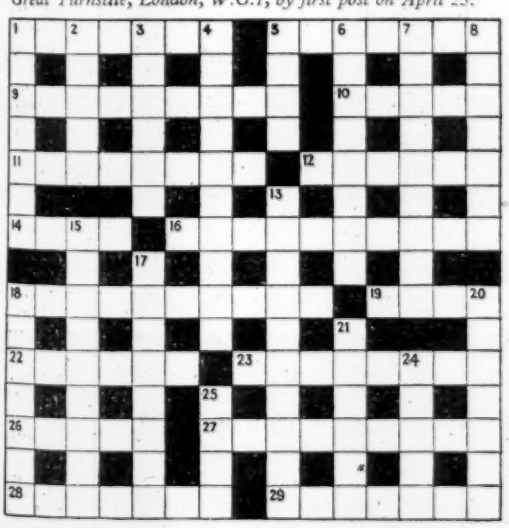
A: (1) . . . Kt-B5 ch. (2) P x Kt, R x P ch. (3) K x R, Q-R7 ch. (4) K-Kt5, Q-Kt7 ch, etc.
B: (1) Kt-Q5 ch, K-K4. (2) Kt-Kt6!, Q-K2. (3) Q-K2 ch, K-Q3. (4) Kt-B8 ch, etc.
if (2) . . . Q-Q1: (3) Kt-B4 ch, K-Q4. (4) Q-Q1 ch, etc.
C: (1) R-Q7 ch, K-Kt3. (2) R-QKt7 ch!, K-B4. (3) R-Kt5 ch!, K-Q5. (4) R-Q5 ch, K-B6. (5) R-B8 ch, K-Kt5. (6) R-B4 ch!, K-R6. (7) R-Q3, K-Kt7. (8) R-QKt3 ch!, K x R. (9) R-K4 ch, etc.
if (3) . . . K-Q3: (4) R-Q5 ch, K-B2. (5) R-K7 ch, K-Kt3. (6) R-Kt5 ch, K x R. (7) R-Q7 ch, etc.

Both **B** ("fresh as a daisy"; Roycroft) and **C** ("a real gem"; Hilton) inspired competitors (and stumped quite a few of them). I am glad to see our 92-year-old senior T. J. Simmonds among the prize-winners, sharing with A. J. Bamford, C. H. Brown, A. E. Harris, F. R. Oliver, A. G. D. Watson.

ASSIAC.

Week-end Crossword No. 246

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 246, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on April 23.



ACROSS

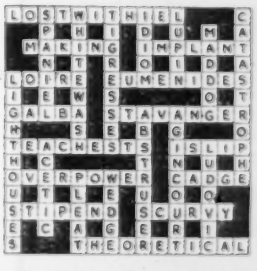
1. Mountain for a slide with a bird (7).
5. Rushed round the peak and halted (7).
9. Had a breakdown as a result of a failure in low temperature (9).
10. Course for the voice (5).
11. It is anticlimactic to go into the water with a twitch (8).
12. An old coat a dull colour at back (6).
14. The reverse of an objection for an instrument (4).
16. Monsters who disguise a union as God (10).
18. Give support for a playing-field in an obscure place (10).
19. Extra payment without extra responsibility (4).
22. Most up-to-date, like us in the home (6).
23. It is obvious that father is after a piano (8).
26. "As tedious As a tired ——, a railing wife" (*K. Henry IV, pt. I*) (5).
27. Conservative speed in a test is connected with celebrating victory (9).
28. Letter which may be formed by lip and nose (7).
29. Creation is seen differently among soldiers (7).

DOWN

1. Instrument of objection under dismissal (7).
2. The little bit of land is not vacant (5).
3. Impersonator or doctor impersonator (6).
4. Saw nothing made into capital (10).
5. Team of stars lacking real finish (4).
6. Form in which cartoons may become a means of showing society's disapproval (8).
7. Man in his sixth age (9).
8. Mocks the rising revolutionary on a fateful date (7).
13. The principal motive of the mater in the mating season (10).
15. There is care in the defence in retreat (9).
17. Something very fine gives encouragement to a place of misery (8).
18. The female in death is a wailer (7).
20. Colonises the south below a northern town (7).
21. Opera for transport workers (6).
24. Those changing customs (5).
25. Shock and almost stop growing (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 244



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 244

Mrs. E. G. Purver (Welwyn Garden City), G. Kitron (Jerusalem), John D. Holmes (Penrith).

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

AUSTRALIA — University of Sydney. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer in Social Work (Medical Social Work). Preference will be given to an applicant having long experience in the organisation and direction of a training school or department for hospital almoners, and in teaching of medical social work. The appointee will be expected to lecture in medical social work, and be responsible for organisation and field work in hospitals and social agencies. Salary will be in the range £1,200 × £80—£1,750 (Australian) per annum, plus cost of living adjustment (£70 men, £53 women), and will be subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. Commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Finance available for home purchase to married male members of staff. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is May 11, 1957.

B.B.C. requires Talks Producer (British) for North American Service, to formulate ideas for and produce discussions, talks and talks features for re-broadcasting in North America. Sound academic background, good general knowledge, appreciation of style of spoken and written word, imagination, tact and sympathetic interest in people of all kinds essential. First hand knowledge of people and affairs of U.S.A. and Canada, and experience of writing desirable. Salary £1,060 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,365 p.a. maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.148 N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within five days.

MINISTRY of Labour and National Service require Psychologists for unestablished posts at Industrial Rehabilitation Units in Great Britain near large towns. Age at least 21. Work is among men and women who after a break in employment need help in fitting themselves for return to work. The psychologist is one of a team of specialists and work includes aptitude testing, interviewing and advising on future employment or training. Qualifications: Good hons. degree in psychology and should preferably have postgraduate training and/or experience in occupational psychology. Possibility of establishment at open competitions held by the Civil Service Commission. London Salary Scales: (Men) £565 (at 21)—£900 (at 30 and on entry if over 30)—£1,190. (Women) £565 (at 21)—£878 (at 30 and on entry if over 30)—£1,101. Slightly lower rates paid outside London. Forms from M.L.N.S., Technical and Scientific Register (K), 26 King Street, London, S.W.1, quoting G.46/7A.

LONDON County Council. Senior Psychiatric Social Worker required to lead team of four psychiatric social workers dealing with the domiciliary care and after-care of persons suffering from psychiatric illness, an interesting and expanding field of psychiatric social work. Whitley Council salary scale (£675—£890). Candidates should have not less than four years' experience since qualification. Particulars and application form, returnable by April 22, from the Medical Officer of Health (PH.D.1 627), The County Hall, London, S.E.1.

COUNTY Council of Essex. Psychiatric Social Worker. Applications invited from persons possessing a Mental Health or other certificate recognised by the appropriate Whitley Council for above appointment at the South Essex Child Guidance Clinic, Grays. Possibility of additional sessional work in the area. Nationally negotiated rates of remuneration and conditions of service. Medical examination. Post superannuable. Application form from County Medical Officer of Health, County Hall, Chelmsford.

APPLICATIONS invited for post of resident warden of Victoria Boys and Girls Clubs in Stamford Hill. Duties mainly secretarial and admin. Self-contained flat, two bedrooms. Applicant must be Jewish. Write Victoria Clubs, 31 Throgmorton Street, E.C.2.

CLUB Leader (woman) required for the new Dame Colet House in Stepney, to be opened in the early summer. Salary according to qualifications. Apply the Warden, 29 Duckett St., E.1.

CAREERS in Housing Management. Applications invited for training for an interesting and varied career in the management of housing estates. Bursaries available; small salary during training. Further particulars from the Secretary, Society of Housing Managers, 13 Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, S.W.1.

KODAK, Ltd., require copywriter. Experience not essential but evidence of writing ability must be sent with application. Write Dept. 125A, Kodak Ltd., Wealdstone, Harrow, Middx.

MEDICAL Secretaries Agency has vacancies. Shorthand usually essential. No fees. 67 Wigmore St., W.1. HUNter 9951.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

STAFFORDSHIRE County Education Committee. Leek High School. Required for September 1, 1957, an Assistant Master to take Art throughout the School. Candidates are prepared for the Ordinary Level of the General Certificate of Education and there is a possibility of work to the Advanced Level. Burnham Scale. Applications to be sent to the Headmaster, together with copies of two recent testimonials and the names and addresses of two referees by April 30. Applicants should state what subsidiary subject they are prepared to offer.

TUTORS wanted, men between 25 and 45, to teach English to Continental students from July 20 until September 2 in Summer School on Suffolk coast. Maximum of ten teaching hours per week and adequate leisure for sports or culture worship. It is, however, imperative that candidates, in addition to suitable qualifications, should have had the appropriate teaching experience, and be the type of personality to whom discipline is not a conscious effort. Candidates are politely but firmly asked to submit references relevant to their experience and not personal eulogies from the local vicar or other family friends. Appropriate salary scale, inspired neither by Croesus nor by Harpagon. Write, with full details, to Box 1635.

SWITZERLAND: wanted for May yg. fem. Engl. Teacher, working knowledge of German, fond of sports, f. small Finishing School, sal. 350 Sw. Fr. monthly. Write M. H., 179 Goldhurst Tce., London, N.W.6, or direct to Dr. Landolt, Klosters, Grison.

YOUNG assistant (m.) required for Publicity Dept. of London publishing house: experience in layout and typography of advertisements, brochures and lists essential; an interesting and progressive job for the right man. Box 1906.

PROGRESSIVE openings exist for Senior Clerks, semi-qualified and fully-qualified Accountants or Chartered Secretaries, both in the head office organisation in the West End of London and in the suburban and provincial branches of the John Lewis Partnership. These vacancies offer quite exceptional opportunities to applicants of good standing who wish to make a career in commerce. Starting pay will be not less than £450 a year and up to £750 a year for applicants with experience and ability. Women interested should write to Director of Personnel, John Lewis & Co., Ltd., Oxford Street, W.1.

TRAVEL Agency requires representative for duties abroad, May 9 till beginning October. Male, 24-40, able to speak French. Write fully, Box 1711.

CENTRAL London educational institution seeks secretarial assistant (age 20-30), good typing but shorthand inessential, for one year, possibly longer. Hours 9.30-4.30 (no Sats.); four 2-weekly holiday periods per year; salary £360 a year. Apply by May 1, giving names of two referees, to Box C, Bartlett's Publicity Service, 31 Museum St., W.C.1.

SECRETARY, 30/45, preferably with editorial experience, for small professional office. £500. Portman Bureau, 78 George Street, W.1. HUNter 0676.

SECRETARY (part-time) required to organise Architect's small Baker St. office from scratch. Write, giving age, salary and experience, to Box 1769.

SECRETARY Shorthand-Typist required by Actors' Equity. T.U. scale to £9 7s. 6d. Write 8 Harley Street, W.1.

TELEPRINTER operator, Engl., German, exper., for City office. Box 1815.

THE University Women's Part-time Employment Agency, 57 Richmond Road, New Barnet, Herts. (BARnet 2647.) Women graduates required for teaching, research, social welfare, secretl work etc. (London area).

SHT./Typists for interesting work, weekly or by hour or day. GER. 0163.

WORK in Switzerland or Canada! General Domestics required for posts in attractive homes. Excellent conditions and good salaries. (For Swiss posts pref. some know. German.) Burnett Bureau, 77 Dean St., W.1.

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APPOINTMENTS WANTED

SPANIARD, correspondent, interpreter, seeks employment. Box 1564.

COSMOPOLITAN young lady with fluent knowledge of French, German, Danish, seeks post as interpreter secretary England or abroad. Box 1599.

BARRISTER, Ceylonese, sks. any type interesting post. Sal. immaterial. Box 1598.

EMPLOYERS seeking able office staff, m. or f., are invited to consult Stella Fisher Bureau, 436 Strand, W.C.2. TEM. 6644.

EDUCATED, conscientious Contin. naturalised British Jew, holding small position with biggest concern, desires change to responsible position with smaller London firm. Import-export preferred. Box 1774.

PERSONAL

LOCH Sunart, Argyllshire. Holiday cottage, sleep 3-4, mod. cons. Free: April 17-May 11, June 10-22, July 20-Aug. 8, Sept. 7 on. Thompson, Rowland, Bakewell.

PERSONAL—continued

EASTER gifts can be bought at the British Peace Committee Bazaar, Holborn Hall, Grays Inn Road, April 12, 6 p.m.-10 p.m., April 13, 10 a.m.-5 p.m. International goods, clothes, food, etc.

BRILLIANT Bloomsbury book publisher, manor owner, seeks attic bxrm, penthouse lav literate head Mon.-Thrs. (Brilliant authors pl. note.) Hse.-trained. Kit., bthrm. (bathes fortnightly) essentl. Box 1763.

HUNGARIAN Writers' Association Abroad urgently req. office accom. or small house in London. Suggestions to Box 1905.

FRENCH lady, qual. ex-teacher French, gives conversation lessons advanced pupils, ladies only—nominal charge. Box 1801.

MALE climber wants companion (m.). Cottage Loch Torridon. Car Sleeper London-Perth booked May 27, retn. June 11. Box 1838.

BAVARIAN Alps via Switzerland, Austria. May 24-June 10. 4 seats available in modern car but moderate ambitions en route. GULliver 6761 or Box 1829.

STUDY-bedrm. delightful house Kew offered friendly person willing take charge boy 5, week-ends. Box 1776.

SWANAGE: Join carefree holiday party, August. Spain by car, June. Box 1501.

ELDERLY semi-invalid lady offered exceptionally comfortable accommodation, with full care, in private house of ex-hospital sister. £10 10s. weekly. Box 1538.

FRUSTRATED female, aged 26, urgently wants share flat, or rent room in house of congenial woman interested in Arts. Chelsea area. Please write Box 1758.

AFRICAN child (5-11) offered home, education, replace one left after six years. Marshall, Broad Oak, Heathfield, Sx.

CATALAN coast. House (sleep 4) to let furnished July 15-Aug. 5. About £7 p.w. Maid available. WIM. 6108 or Box 1646.

TUSCANY. Large modern villa in pinewood by sea nr. Viareggio. 8 rooms, 2 bath, garage, gdn. £125 for Sept. WIL. 0591.

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WANTED, hut or cottage in France. Preferably Pyrenees. Box 1768.

FRENCH Weekend April 26 at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon. Also L.R. Group.

CONGENIAL companions wanted for Continental marathon June-Sept. and other car trips. Write s.a.e. to Per-Service, 35 Belsize Ave., N.W.3. P.S. Full cars improve your cornering.

HIGH commission offered by documentary film unit for introductions resulting in work. Box 1681.

YOU can speak Italian effortlessly in 3 months with Setogni, or your fees refunded. 'Phone WELbeck 7411 or 7412.

EXCHANGE-Holidays with French teenagers, 3-4 weeks in each country between July 3 & Sept. 13. £14 inc. travel. Dets.: Mrs. Robertson, 61 Fellows Rd., N.W.3.

ENGLISH couple offer bed & breakfast (Engl.) in mod. panoramic flat overlkg. Palma Bay. Write: Sieve, Calle Tenient Mulet 93, El Terreno, Palma de Mallorca.

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FOREIGN Girls, domesticated and willing, immed. available. Eductour. KNI. 4132.

"AU Pair" posts for young girls, excellent homes, France, Germany, Belgium, available. Eductour. KEN. 8806.

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THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and Reservists.

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SPEECHES written, dinners, weddings, &c. Bainbridge, 5 Stanlake Villas, W.12.

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"KNOW-HOW" brings you Writing Success. No Sales—No Fees. Send for Free N.I. "Know-How Guide to Writing Success." B.A. School of Successful Writing, Ltd., 124 New Bond St., London, W.1.

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QUARRY or Quarles or young cousin Charles . . . all welcome at photographer's studio at 30 Abbey Gardens, St. John's Wood, Anthony Panting. MAI. 3200.

PERSONAL—continued

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COSTA Brava. Villas & flats to let. Dets.: Dr. Cooper, Burgess Hill, Sussex.

GRANADA. Spain Fiestas and Fun. Siestas and Sun. Spanish language courses in June, July, August. The finest holiday at amazingly low all-in cost. Details from Instituto de Lenguas Modernas, Apartado, 244, Granada, Spain.

THE most interesting selection of records of Folk Music from many lands is now on sale at Collet's Record Shop, 70 New Oxford St., London, W.1. Soviet, Polish, Czech., Rumanian, American. Also complete operas, soloists and orchestral work and a unique Jazz Section. Come and hear them!

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ECONOMIC Wines—big value in big bottles! Excellent Bordeaux Rouge, Rose, Blanc, 9ls per dozen extra large bottles, carr. paid (equals 6s. 2d. usual size!) Trial three 23s. 6d. Lists. Vault 4, Peter Dominic, Ltd., Wine Shippers, Horsham.

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P.S. Harold Ingham is far too busy arranging for people to travel on "Summer Schools Abroad" to think of anything new to say about them. However, he will still be pleased to send you a copy of the programme if you apply to 15 St. John's Road, Harrow. Harrow 1040.

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LAKE District National Park. Hassness Hotel stands in 20 acres of beautiful grounds on the shores of Buttermere. Wonderful scenery, magnificent walking country, fishing and boating. Brochure from Manager, Hassness, Buttermere, Cumberland.

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FOR Springtime holidays in unspoilt rural Essex (27 miles London), Chantry Mead, Hatfield Heath, nr. Bishop's Stortford (Hatfield Heath 263) offers ideal accommodation.

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KESWICK. Visit Highfield Veget. Guest Hse., The Heads. Beautiful scenery, gd. food, friendly atmosphere. Tel. 508.

SUSSEX. Whinrig Guest House, Horam. Phone 211. 12 miles Eastbourne. Close Station. Everything home-made. From 6gns.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms & brochure, Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 126.

OVERLKG. sea, cosy dble. rm., new bnglw., B.B. 3½-5gns. ea. Hayes, 8 Saltdean Dve., Saltdean, nr. Brighton. Rottingdean 3865.

CORNISH Riviera (central): in lovely country beside Fowey Estuary, 3 miles sea; modern comfort, notable food in restful manor. Sailing. Lovely walks. Swimming. Games Room. 5 hrs. London to Par—rail your car. Trains met free. Broch. 3, Penquite Hse, Hotel, Golant, Par. Fowey 124.

SHETLAND for a holiday that is different. Mrs. Chidwick, Hayfield Hotel, Lerwick.

SIMON the Pieman Tearooms, Lion Street, Rye, receive a few guests. RYE, 2207.

SEA & Country peace & quiet, magnificent views, extensive grounds, billiards, private bathrooms if desired. Every comfort, good food. Personal attention. Mid-week bookings a speciality. Terms 30s to 2gns, daily. No extras. "Five Rocks," Chale, Isle of Wight. Tel. Niton 346.

MOUNTAIN Farmhse. Superb situation Snowdonia. Home-grown prod. Butter, cream. Every comf. Fr. 7½gns. Box 1792.

PAINTING Holiday in unique circumstances. Gd. cooking, gd. cellar. Gallery in the Hills, Longformacus, Berwickshire.

MAY & June in Cornwall, abundance everything but crowds. 2 guests welc. Farm food, mod. comfs. Lovely Fowey Valley. Write Mrs. Bourke, Polscoe, Lostwithiel.

LONDON visitors should stay at 98 Palace Gardens Terrace, Kensington, W.8. Superior house, very central. Bed, breakfast, double 27s., single 14s. 6d. BAY. 5985.

ENGADIN. Alpine village offers restful holiday amidst lovely flowers. Comf. accom., delicious food, mod. terms. Hotel Meisser, Guarda, Engadin, Switzerland.

COTE d'Azur. Typical Provençal Hotel. Beautiful quiet sit. above sandy beach. Mod. comforts, first-class cuisine. Casino, dancing. Red. rates to June 30 and after Sept. 10. Illustrated broch.: Ermitage, Bandol (Var).

ITALIAN Riviera fishing village. Artist's flat available May-October. Large Terrace over harbour. Maximum three persons. 10gns. fully inclusive. Box 1547.

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BED and Breakfast tourist's guide to Great Britain. 90 pages, 2s. 3d. post free from Ramblers' Association, 48 Park Road, London, N.W.1.

MEMBERS of the Good Food Club (President Raymond Postgate, membership now 40,000) recommend in The Good Food Guide 1957-8 the restaurants, inns and hotels in Britain where you can rely on good food, good service and reasonable charges. This famous Guide's reputation for complete independence is strictly maintained. 1957-8 Edition available from all bookshops and stationers at 7s. 6d. Published by Cassell.

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LARGE bed-sitting room, own tel., use kitchen, bathroom. 2½gns. weekly. Gentleman only. LAD. 1458 after 7 p.m.

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